THE COMMONWEAL

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OUR DAILY BREAD

ONE who reads carefully through the proceedings of the latest congress of German Catholic scholars, cannot help being struck by a note of earnest and anxious inquiry. A certain question—a highly important question—had interested many of the most brilliant speakers and their auditors. It may well arrest our attention.

In what ways can the Catholic idea of human nature and civic conduct be incorporated in the national life? How can we bridge the gap between sacred principle and common practice? Or ought we to be concerned, collectively, with the problem at all? There is likely to be a feeling that since the fundamental mission of religion is personal spiritual regeneration, problems of a social or political character are of distinctly minor importance. The rigors of penance in seclusion may well seem more noble than the rigors of protest in public. But over and against this point of view there is the undoubted mandate of charity—the Divine counsel which established a parallel between all affections, and the truth that everywhere and always the Church has been a corporate body.

It was Joseph de Maistre who said that the great modern liberal error was the negation of the collective soul. He meant that all philosophies of the newer time take for their object the separate culture of the individual; that there has been a great deal of concern with what "I think," but little with what "we think." And if we ponder the matter a while, it will prove worthy of long consideration. The great, leavening legacy of the two most recent centuries has been scepticism; and scepticism, in the final analysis, means isolation. It means appointing yourself a committee of one to disavow the commonly accepted opinion. Its strength lies in its concentration; its weakness is in its pride. For if the thorough sceptic were really honest, he should confidently expect others to doubt him in their turn. He ought to be like the man in the dream, who went around asking people to beware of him because he had discovered the flatness of the earth. A truly amiable and logical sceptical society would be something in which everybody listened indulgently to everybody else's fictions.

Unfortunately the historical sequence of the eighteenth century has not been so naïve and harmless. Scepticism forced upon us a large number of dogmatically stated assumptions. It would take too long to enumerate all of these, but the chief among them is obviously the abrogation of tradition. An army of witty pamphleteers ordered the dead past to bury its dead. But those who thus knifed the continuity of the human race destroyed at the same time the more

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intimate of those bonds which group the living. If our only point of union, as mortal men, is a distant "humanity" towards which we are slowly progressing, then obviously we are not yet capable of joining hands; if, however, there are in the story of our race and civilization certain common experiences, principles and sacramental benedictions, then these are firmly knitted junctures to which we all can cling and from which it will be impossible to pry us. Now what is de Maistre's "collective soul" but the general understanding of the everlasting ties which grapple us all to the continuous history of humanity? It is not so much common sense as common sight—common glimpses of mountains in the eternal spiritual landscape. The man who cannot see these hills is not likely to get a just impression of his neighbor. The man who has never viewed the buttresses of civilization is not likely to be a good architect of the future. There came a day when the typical modern individualist, Maurice Barrès, realized all this clearly; and thenceforth his life was a constant triumphant rediscovery of old things which, like so many affections, have intertwined the fingers of the race. Barrès is only one name: there are literally thousands of others; some very great, others humble. This awakening is in all truth the great modern adventure.

Tradition means authority because tradition means experience. Facts or their consequences cannot be gainsaid. No farmer can avoid taking note of the setting sun or the morning dew. No sailor can eliminate the stars. And if the civilization of Christendom rests upon definite events and verities of similar cosmic importance, it will in the long run be just as impossible to dispense the human race from observing them. Nevertheless—and here is the point at which the German scholars halted—it is not clear that Catholic society has formed any very definite system of social living. There is, for instance, no such thing as a distinctive body of Catholic politics. Forms of government, even the laws for the distribution of wealth, are none of them absolute; and the great doctors have always insisted that in these things change is possible, according to the needs of the hour. From time to time, ethical principles have been enunciated and the dictates of justice and mercy have been stressed. But an attempt to limit the action of Catholics to any one régime or any one form of ownership would be a departure from the magnificent freedom of the city of God in dealing with the formalities and conventions of political circumstance.

And yet it is quite true that the past in which the events of Christian experience are enshrined has also formulated a compendium of social practice. The mystical commandments, "Love God" and "Love thy neighbor," have actually been observed side by side. Mankind has found from long observation that certain institutions are props of the spiritual commonwealth as well as of the temporal commonwealth. Destitution and ignorance, public immorality and contempt for law—these are elements of the human chaos over which moves the quickening spirit of God. We cannot collectively be indifferent to them. It would be an insult to our ancestry and our honor should we ever aver that these matters are of slight importance, or the concern of individuals. Decent family life, insured by wholesome housing and adequate means of subsistence; clean and constantly improving civic life, guided by men fitted for their tasks and faithful to their obligations; a sincerely beautiful literature and art—these are just so many bulwarks of the human fold, for the defense and strengthening of which the ages have toiled hardest when they were most glorious with sanctity.

How shall all this work be done? For our part, we see the road in a frank and earnest effort to join hands with those whose attitude towards social problems is practically the same as our own. The generous tradition of the United States has made it possible that, excepting for occasional sporadic hostilities, we have never been obliged to ward off an attack upon the Church. Perhaps this memorable historical truth is not called to mind often enough. Possibly the belligerence which frequently creeps into our pronouncements is hardly justified. At all events, our good fortune seems to call for a definite will to coöperate in whatever enterprise is likely to promote the success of the American experiment in government, and to improve domestic and civic life.

Here once more the example lies close at hand. This year will be blessed with the great Eucharistic Congress which is to write a sacred date into the history, not only of Chicago, but of our country as a whole. And the welcome which the second largest American city is extending to the vast and reverential pilgrimage is due, in large measure, to the deep recognition on the part of citizens generally, of the sublimity of the Eucharistic reality. The Last Supper, the breaking of bread on the eve of the world's redemption by blood, is something which has entered into the very consciousness of our race. Centuries of belief do not come to naught even through the most drastic change in the body and syllabus of belief. For those who have attenuated its significance, making symbols of reality and shadows of substance, as well as for those who maintain its supernatural essence in all its integrity, the implication that lies in the very word Communion, keeps its force. Whatever may be a man's attitude toward dogma, he will not—at least if he be tactfully aided and enlightened by those who keep the Faith in their hearts—be unaware of the beauty and discipline that keeps its dignity because it has life in Christ. Such things are interwoven with what is best in civic and moral community ideals. The peaceful triumph of the Bread that came from heaven is best prepared by the harmonious sharing of the bread that is broken on earth.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

WITH the passing of the year there have ended also four seasons of pilgrimage which closely intertwined pontifical Rome and the ends of the earth. Fortunate throngs from our own land drew near to the tombs of the Caesars, the palaces of the living Church, the blessed monuments of Christian victory and martyrdom. Crowds greater than ever came to Compostella or Notre Dame, have hurried to the Eternal City which is the world's heart. The year has therefore borne benediction to the members of the Catholic family, now more conscious of their immortal unity. But it also seems true to say that when the Holy Father looks back upon the months which have gone, he sees how much nearer to realization are some of the especial social purposes of Christendom. The work of peace has made progress: wars have been averted, treaties of vast consequence have been signed, mutual obligations have been assumed in a better spirit. Since the opening of the twentieth century, no single year has been so busy with constructive effort on behalf of what is best in European civilization. Assuredly the labors of the Holy See have contributed their part to this success, by means of concordats generously arrived at and charitable enterprises undertaken and continued. The note which has been struck is the true note. Our modern crusade is fought not with arms but against arms—against the devastating mechanization of life which uproots and kills; against the maintenance of selfish and poisonous nationalistic policies; and for an era of better understanding, more disinterested coöperation, and deeper realization of the unity of the human family.

THE desperate economic situation of France is the darkest entry on the balance-sheet of the year just ended. When the financial credit of a great and victorious nation sinks to the level of a second-rate, bankrupt power, there is meagre relief for its citizens in the remembrance of blood-soaked fields and gloriously ruined towns. It is only natural that the confidence in existing political institutions should ebb; and France has witnessed the somersaulting of a half-dozen attempts to form a ministry, the sudden growth of a determined Fascist movement, a frightened clamor for the reëstablishment of l'Union Sacrée, and even an appeal to M. Clemenceau from the most influential journal at Lille to return to power since "your juniors have quit and the young have lost their ideals." The attitude of the press toward the Locarno compacts has been openly pessimistic, the more thoughtful journals recognize in the agreements a great gain for Germany without any compensatory advantage for France.

BUT some real hope seems to lie in the rather extraordinary offer of leading industrialists to finance the government by mortgaging their businesses. The Chamber is weighing the proposal which promises to stabilize the franc, create a sinking fund for the payment of the debts, and safeguard the Bank of France. If the measure is accepted it will mean, of course, the domination of politics by a group of moneyed men; and this the Socialists would necessarily oppose if they could offer any plausible substitute. From an American viewpoint, the industrialist idea seems the most encouraging news that has come from Paris since the appointment of M. Caillaux to the ministry. Coupled with the report that the indemnities received under the Dawes Plan will be separated entirely from the regular budget, it indicates an earnest desire on the part of French statesmen to save the situation, regardless of difficulties and hardships.

RECENT elections in Czecho-Slovakia indicate more fully than ever the persistent turbulence of political feeling in southeastern Europe. The Catholic parties registered slight gains, but their progress is far from being what might reasonably be expected in a country once so closely identified with the Church and now so much in need of a firm stand on behalf of religion. Austrian observers profess to see an explanation in the lack of harmony between Catholic leaders, and in the lingering mood of reaction from the Hapsburg monarchy. But the most interesting aspect of the elections was the growing power shown by separatist nationalistic groups, particularly German and Slovak. These parties, which secured a full third of the seats in the new legislature, demand separate administration for the racial minorities they represent. They are seeking the same privileges which were so often topics for heated debate in the old Austro-

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Hungarian empire. Does this foreshadow a movement to break up Czecho-Slovakia into still smaller republics? If events force an affirmative reply to this question, the irony which underlies the extreme developments of the idea of self-determination will become apparent. The idealistic arguments which supported the formation of Czecho-Slovakia will be just as cogent in behalf of its disruption. But it has long since become quite clear that theoretic visions of autonomy will never promote the welfare of south-eastern Europe. What is needed is a strong federation of independent peoples—a concentric republic modeled upon the scope of the Hapsburg realm. The ancient problem which Vienna attempted to solve has been neither removed nor remedied by the attempt to use political dynamite.

FEW Yuletide announcements were so satisfactory as the news that the task of raising $1,000,000 for the reconstruction of Louvain's historic library has been completed. It is a magnanimous gift from the American people, including as it does a multitude of small donations made by school children and their teachers, policemen and library workers. The good it will accomplish cannot help being also a memorial to the close affiliation which sprang up between two nations, one small and harassed, the other distant and powerful, during the first hour of an immemorial catastrophe. Although Louvain has already abundantly proved its usefulness as a seat of learning, the fresh aid will help it toward new glory and service. From the American point of view a donation like this is a fine testimonial of the national appreciation of values: there was good work to be done, and so fine shades of confessional and professional feeling were ignored in order to realize the ideal. Where so many persons have had a share in the achievement, it seems rather arbitrary to mention the names of individuals. And yet it has really been the prestige and effort of Nicholas Murray Butler and Herbert Hoover which carried the undertaking to a successful end. These two men, more than any others perhaps, have crystallized the desire of their fellow-citizens to participate in the rescue of European civilization from a ruin of which the broken arches of Louvain are pathetic and arresting symbols.

THE effort of the American Guardian Association of Manila, an organization endorsed by leaders in all the churches including the Cardinal-Archbishops of Boston and New York, to start a nation-wide drive for $2,000,000, to be expended in rescuing and caring for Filipino children of mixed blood, is one that comes as a challenge to national righteousness and justice. The lot of those who owe their existence to frailty and passion is always bitterly hard. It might almost be said that their lives are poisoned at the source, and that the very conditions of their salvation differ from those of children born in wedlock. The case is made far harder when miscegenation—the mingling of two life-streams that aeons of years separate and that have practically nothing in common save common humanity —complicates the problem. The result of such a hapless chance has been noted again and again. It is nearly always a confusion of moral standards and characteristics—a conflict between contending forces that may well, if wise counsel and protection does not surround them during the early formative stage, work incalculable harm to those who possess it as their unfortunate legacy.

MRS. MARY FRANCES KERN, who will direct the drive, an unwearied worker among the poor little derelicts in the Philippines, puts the case plainly enough when she tells us that "the American Filipino children are well worth saving. Generally of a high-strung nervous temperament, and rather emotional, their blood characteristics appear very prominently in their childhood and early youth . . . Their alertness of mind, energy, activity, and spirit of adventure are readily apparent—too much so for their own good when they are not controlled by those who understand them." The thought of these poor children, inheritors through their blood of the active, enterprising spirit of the West, and condemned by their circumstances to peonage and immoral exploitation at an age when their little half-brothers and half-sisters in America are in the schoolroom, with all the attendant horrors which the report approved by General Wood tells us, is one that the American people should not suffer to remain upon their conscience a moment, once it has been brought to their attention.

PROFESSOR MACNEILL'S resignation from the Executive Council of the Irish Free State will be felt as a severe loss. The presence in the Cabinet of the author of Phases of Irish History, and of the most authoritative studies of Celtic civilization that have been written, added much to the prestige of the Cosgrave government. Professor MacNeill is not only an historian; he may come to be looked upon as one of the most forward-looking spokesmen on the whole problem of political relations that Europe has had during and since the war-time. When he stated that the great question for Europe was not the question of national independence but of national inter-dependence, he made what is perhaps one of the major contributions to political philosophy, and when he showed that our ideas of sovereignty are a heritage from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and not at all the conceptions of any advanced thought, he started us thinking afresh about these very intimidating ideas. As a Minister of Education he introduced the Irish language into the primary schools, and started the process by which teachers of Irish youth begin to have some knowledge of the language and the culture of Ireland. His policy with regard to Irish in the schools

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has been approved by the Dail and will not be permitted to lapse. His statement about Irish education which the Irish Statesman has been publishing in recent issues can be read with profit by educationalists on this side.

AN extract from that statement will give an idea of what the Free State Minister of Education was working towards—"Civilization combines all these things—economic life, cultural life, political life, with religion superadded—everything in short that removes man from wildness—and it combines them into one life, as a plant or an animal combines the substances it draws from earth and air. We speak of a person showing 'distinction' in his character and conduct, meaning by 'distinction' not merely refinement but freedom from vulgarity and from affectation, so that he does not merge himself in the crowd, or in this or that lesser crowd, nor wear the artificial mask of character and conduct, but expresses in his way of life the best that is in himself. This is sincerity. Nations, like persons, have their peculiar genius, character, and temperament, and to express these in their civilization is for them sincerity and distinction—it is being true to themselves."

THOUGH there is something in Mr. Billings's remarks that "every man has a perfect right to his opinion, provided it agrees with ours," public symposia like that recently conducted by the National Republican Club do bring out contrasted points of view which a looker-on will find instructive. It is at least a remarkable coincidence when representative men from every rank and profession are nearly unanimous in attributing the spread of crime to impaired home life. As people we do not like crime. It interferes with our comfort and it shocks us deeply. Possibly after a while we shall really do something about the home and about education, which in modern society will inevitably take the place of fireside training to a large extent. When the club heard Reverend Henry Howard, of Australia, declare that the Catholic Church alone has given proper educational care to children, it listened to a truth stated by an outsider who realizes that a system of public instruction can serve morality only when its content is positively religious and not merely negatively neutral.

THIS truth has been stated frequently, but for the most part nobody has made a constructive suggestion for reflecting it in practice. Has not the time now come for active coöperation between members of all Christian creeds towards complete readjustment of educational work? The point was not actually stressed by Father Edmund A. Walsh, professor in Georgetown University, but it was suggested by the fact that he laid the fruits of his own sociological investigation before his audience. There may well be differences of opinion concerning the value of his criticism of prohibition and of "penitentiary sentimentalism;" but it is impossible to question the truth of the following words—"Crime dwells in the mind. Instinctive reactions in crises are the results of training and discipline. There are no accidents in the moral life. History discloses a race between education and catastrophe." And one might add that education is not an immediate process—not the affair of one generation alone. There is such a thing as family discipline, and such another thing as social discipline. Those who would build the America of tomorrow ought to do it broadly by working for a kind of training which will correlate the forces that make for mastery of self and the observance of eternal law.

THE terrible truth about professors will out. Even while a youthful students' association at Princeton was resolving to "coöperate" with the faculty; even while the intellectual throng at New York's City College was tilting with its oppressors anent the question of military drill, Dr. Stuart P. Sherman invaded the precincts of Scribner's Magazine and turned state's evidence. "I am acquainted with no more essentially sluggish, improvident, resourceless and time-wasting creature than the ordinary professor of forty; nor anything more empty of adventure or hope than the future years of his career, daily to be occupied in matching his wits with the flat mediocrity of successive generations of adolescent students, and patiently waiting till the death of some better man, hardy and long-lived, allows him to slip into a larger pair of old shoes." Is the mood of Mr. Mencken contagious? Or is this downright treason? Possibly Dr. Sherman is merely essaying an academic version of Virgil's choicest reflection. At any rate, there is solace in that phrase about "the flat mediocrity of successive generations of adolescent students." Every professor, even under forty, will relish its Johnsonian ring and sincerity. Some might even rise to suggest that early pensions would not be unwelcome, with possibly an opportunity to write, unimpeded, that wholly unnecessary book about Wordsworth. But it has always been difficult to wear the professorial title with comfort: it is too dignified for the smoking room, too unimpressive at the Bankers' Club, and too banal in the home circle. And yet, when the average citizen is honest, he knows that he should dearly like to be a learned dean, if only for a day, and come to the classroom with last year's notes carefully dusted, and armed with an authoritative smile.

THE feeling in this country against the ugliness that has gradually overtaken ecclesiastical vestments, voiced by Mr. Peter Moran in a letter which The Commonweal published last week, coincides with a very strong movement in France towards a restoration of their original forms to the vestments worn by the celebrant

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at the altar. In a learned article published by the current number of l'Almanach Catholique, which has just reached this office, the changes, all for the worse, which have come upon the chasuble are studied, and a plea made for a reversion to older and more dignified types. The history of this stately vestment is a sorry story of bad taste and carelessness. The decay began with the seventeenth century, when heavily embroidered stuffs began to replace the beautiful silks and linens whose pattern was woven in the texture. First went the graceful hood, or capuchon. Then the sides that once fell from the priest's arms in the noble folds familiar to students of iconography, were sacrificed to utility. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the truncated garment, only too familiar, formed of two stiff portions fastened round the priest's waist by tapes, and which the author compares to the lower part of a cello-case, came into general use. Luckily signs of a change are apparent, not only in Europe but in this country as well. In many of our larger churches, notably in the Paulist church in New York, the vestments worn by celebrant and assistant leave little to be desired. A school of thought will always exist who regard attention paid to ecclesiastical detail, far less to archaeology, as time wasted on non-essentials and typical of the ritualistic mind outside the Church. A wiser view, it seems to us, is to regard the aesthetic heritage bequeathed us by faith as a precious deposit, and not to be too proud to take a lesson from separated brethren, who, having re-discovered it, are embodying it in so many forms of grace and beauty.

A RECENT number of a spiritualistic journal gives to the public a reproduction of what is claimed to be a spirit photograph, declared by Sir Conan Doyle to be "the most remarkable spirit photograph that he has ever seen"—and well may he say it! It purports to be a picture of the Apostle, Saint John, and circling him are four cherubs each of which has been recognized by a mother as the portrait of her dead child. Mr. Prince, the research officer of the Boston Psychical Society, was enabled by his tenacious memory to track down this portrait and has published the result in the current number of the Scientific American. It turns out that the so-called apostle is really the figure of the Father Eternal in a picture which many of our readers have doubtless seen on visits to London, since it hangs in no less frequented a spot than the National Gallery and is the well known Holy Family of Murillo. The dove and the "family" have been blotted out but the remainder of the picture is unmistakable and the mothers of the cherubs are now, it must be supposed, reduced to the explanation that Murillo was a prophet. Sir Conan is right—it is a remarkable spirit photograph.

A CURIOUS incident in the history of science is recalled by the death a few weeks ago of John Young Buchanan, F.R.S., at the age of eighty-one. He was the last surviving member of the celebrated band of scientific observers who formed the personnel of the Challenger Expedition (which lasted from December, 1872 to May, 1876) and whose labors contributed so much to the scientific knowledge of the world. Mr. Buchanan may certainly be looked upon as one of the founders of modern oceanography, and the incident we mention is connected with Huxley and the Bathybius discovery. This was a kind of slime which Huxley found in most of the bottles of specimens sent to him for identification by the expedition. Huxley, after microscopic examination, declared it to be a primitive organism covering the bottom of the sea and in fact the lowest form of life so far discovered. Buchanan refused to credit the observation and was finally successful in proving that the supposed living thing was really a jelly-like precipitate of sulphate of lime thrown down by the alcohol in which the specimens were preserved. His colleagues on the expedition, so great was their veneration for Huxley, declined to believe in his discovery, but Huxley himself, the most candid of men, confessed his mistake at once—no very pleasant thing to do. Bathybius Haeckelii, for thus he had named the thing, disappeared forthwith from the catalogue of living creatures.

AN ardent soul, an able toiler in the vineyard, a distinguished Jesuit and gentleman passed to his reward on December 14. Reverend Thomas J. Campbell was a force for unfaltering Catholicity, for the higher life of all Americans, for the finer and sounder things in philosophy and literature. Born in New York City in 1848, he attended the public schools and graduated at Saint Francis Xavier's College and immediately afterward entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, where he was soon to be regarded as one of its staunchest members. His life was spent at the various churches and colleges in charge of his order, and toward the end of his life he devoted himself to history, writing largely on the subject of the early Indian missions of North America in which he was an expert.

THROUGH his labors in a large part is due the beatification of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America which has recently taken place. Father Campbell's fertile and facile pen was devoted to various historical uses. He rendered into English verse with rare fidelity all the hymns contained in the Roman liturgy, and at the time of his death he was engaged upon a life of the late Cardinal Farley which was to be a sort of history of the archdiocese of New York for the last fifty years. A forceful preacher and a holy man whose eyes were ever constant upon that eternity to which he has entered trustfully, is the impression his noble life has left on all who knew, loved, and revered him in his long career of service.

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THE DILEMMAS OF A DEAN

THE modern college educator who, somewhat like Macbeth's porter, hears a mighty thundering at his gates, is likely to be a little disturbed, even in his dream. What is the general principle which alma mater shall adopt toward her too, too numerous children? Or can there be a general principle at all? The meditations of Dean Hawkins, of Columbia College, on these subjects—as contained in his recent annual report to the president—may be considered quite typical of what the run of deans are thinking.

The typical is always interesting. The typical is especially fascinating when it is squarely up against dilemmas piquantly various, like a nosegay of thistles. Dean Hawkins believes, first of all, that the spectre of "mass education" has been banished—"We are headed directly away from the policy of wholesale exposure of education to youth on the 'take it or leave it' principle. The day is past when the college teacher can read to a docile class the same notes year after year, with the occasional polishing of a phrase." That, we shall all gladly admit, is progress. And yet it is as nothing compared with modern methods for making courses "vital" and interesting to "the kind of youth that now registers in Columbia College."

Sociology 3-4, to select an instance, "has to do with the development of the social world from a state of primitive superstition and myth to modern self-control." Like its brethren among courses, it is a sample of the "type of survey or orientation" class now so much cherished, and "has to do with broad outlines rather than the minutiae of scholarship." After all, these "minutiae," similar in one respect to the "fundamentals of English composition," would often "involve marking time and consequent boredom to the student." And the modern knocker at the educational gates insists above all upon not being bored. Sometimes, as Dean Hawkins observes, this fondness for motion misleads youth. It tends to the organization of fraternities "without adequate opportunity for determining whether the group is congenial and without sufficient time for looking over the ground." It makes it necessary for the faculty to ponder carefully that interesting question—"Who is gifted and who is not; and how gifted one must be in order to be called a genuinely gifted student?" The alleged scholastic debates about how large an angelic population could be quartered upon the point of a needle, are as nothing compared with finely-spun discussions about this engrossing process of differentiation. It is conscientiously noted by the Dean that even such matters as "falling in love" are often responsible for poor academic work; and he proudly avers that his policy is not automatically to get rid of misfits, but "to burn our own smoke just as far as we can."

The report is illuminating because it is honest. Dean Hawkins frankly takes a stand that, after all, the individual student is at stake in the college, which ought not to exist merely for the sake of encouraging professorial oratory. But there is the first of the inevitable dilemmas. How are you going to take care of the individual if he is submerged in a constantly expanding mass? How will you stress quality if quantity is always your supreme obsession? The answer might possibly be, by strengthening the faculty proportionately. Yet, even though the matter of excellent teachers could be settled to some extent by the expenditure of sums now far beyond the dream of even very sanguine educators, the problem has become so intricate that only infinite genius and patience could solve it. Meanwhile the knockers at the gate are insistent. They take what they get quite as they wish to take it, and nobody seems able to do much about the matter, one way or another. Perhaps it would not really make a great deal of difference if the professors did "read to a docile class the same notes year after year, with the occasional polishing of a phrase." We should then be sure, at least, that they had not invented them on the spur of the moment.

THE CONGRESS

SENATORS and representatives meeting this year under the Capitol dome offer not a little encouragement to those who believe that federal government ought to be efficient. It is a Republican organism. Victorious party organization has placed in the hands of the administration a momentum which can be traced in a straight line from the President to the man nearest the door in the House of Representatives. Power so massive hardly needs to be fussy over the continued aloofness of the delegates from La Follette land. It can, with one beautiful gesture, restore the might of the Speaker's wand and encourage Mr. Nicholas Longworth to rival, if not Roosevelt, then at least Uncle Joe Cannon, of happy memory. The public may rest assured that upon all issues likely to affect in any way the destiny of approaching elections, the Congress will be neither dilatory nor recalcitrant.

This situation is, from one point of view, quite refreshing. If you are inclined to believe—and from time to time almost everybody is so inclined—that Congress ought to be a trustworthy organization for the enactment of laws, then the contemporary situation will contribute to your mental comfort. The French king who identified himself with the state really codified the ideal of those who hold that the chief object of government is to get something done. But there is another point of view, which immediately comes to the fore when one wonders precisely what ought to be done. Congress is, after all, the great American forum —the central high platform upon which the opposites in controversy should be presented judiciously and listened to with attention. A nation which unites so many divergent groups as does the United States cannot well or long forego the profit of debate. And

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so the spectacle of the present Congress is disturbing in so far as the minority parties are without leadership or dominant individuals. It is even difficult to see from whom the Democrats could get a good speech on the immemorial tariff.

Naturally the position of the insurgent Republicans has attracted particular attention. That the younger Senator from Wisconsin is not a political infant has been proved by the ardoitness with which he has sidestepped all neat devices for squashing the individuality of Wisconsin. "The handful of Progressives constitute the only effective opposition in Congress," says the Nation. "They can at least keep alive the spirit of revolt and the spirit of progress." For many reasons the value of the Progressive element is beyond question. They do represent a group of citizens; and the fact that they look so very like a forlorn hope is due less to the citizenry than to the Progressives themselves. They have never threshed matters out. In comparison with "intelligent minorities" in other countries, they are destitute of practical national policy. And so while they may be accepted thankfully for the sake of their symbolic value it is difficult to see wherein they break the monotony of present congressional reality.

What more attractive stage could have been desired for Mr. Coolidge's address? It was, as has been noted, a vigorous resumé of the political situation. Scarcely an issue of any importance escaped with less than a paragraph. But—and here the status of the country's political mind is revealed—the paragraphs in all but two cases were statements of problems rather than solutions. The President advocated the granting of larger powers to deal with the coal situation, but he made no definite recommendation concerning the scope and method of those powers. He rather openly professed the administration's embarrassment before the farmers' irate statement of their problems and needs. There was no unfamiliar note in such references as he made to the question of national defense. But on two issues Mr. Coolidge spoke his mind—on economy and tax-reduction, and on the World Court. No citizen need any longer fail to realize that these are the twin keystones of the administration attitude. And precisely because they are keystones, one is rather astonished at their vagueness.

Republicanism has been pledged to economy and tax reform, because that is Republicanism's veteran alternative for the tariff. But obviously the new tax-bill is designed first of all to make possible a larger freedom for the operation of capital; and the concessions to the lowly average are, on the whole, just so many insignificant sops to the public which struggles along on moderate incomes. This measure contains nothing that is fundamental in the settlement of the country's domestic economic or social problems: it is not so much a move ahead as a standstill to reap the profits of industrial prosperity. And the World Court? As Mr. Coolidge advocates this with the addition of an added reservation, it becomes almost as noncommittal a platform for American international action as could be imagined. The tribunal we are asked to affiliate with is certainly about as harmless as caution could make it; and the question now is not so much what arguments are against it as what can be said in its favor. It is hard to see in what way such a World Court will provide us with any leverage worthy of mention in expanding the world's desire for peace or in helping to settle abiding problems.

What has been said may seem to indicate an unfavorable appraisal of existing federal aims. We believe, however, that the very lowliness of these aims is an excellent omen. The period during which people looked rapturously towards Washington for inspired guidance in living is near its conclusion. There is apparently to ensue a time of relief from far-reaching and ravenously idealistic projects. While the heads of government search the winds in vain for some position on interesting questions which will be generally acceptable, the subordinate groups whom these questions immediately concern are gaining experience and initiative. We shall ultimately come back to the gigantic task of good municipal rule; and the career of such a man as Mayor Dever in Chicago is furnishing some reason for trusting that men of power and integrity will come forward in ever growing numbers to solve the problems of policing boulevards, housing, transit and communal welfare. And Mr. Coolidge is quite right, we believe, in assuming that the emancipation of the farmer from distress of various kinds is to be sought in manifold coöperative enterprise which will teach him how to market his crops, how to produce, and how to live. Similarly the open road to industrial peace must be paved not by federal enactment but by the development of productive coöperation between those immediately concerned; and it was President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, and not President Coolidge who appeared as the spokesman for a labor policy suited to the era.

All this is as it should be. Though a tendency to deplore the absence of originality from Washington's official documents is relatively justifiable, we shall not stress it heavily if the spokesmen of Boston and Baltimore, of railroads and agriculture, continue to speak with a growing and more resolute consciousness of their opportunities and their duties. For the meaning of democracy is the meaning of community effort, and the number of things about which a nation can think and feel in common is strictly limited. Perhaps somebody will, in the future, draw up a better list of agenda for Congress than Mr. Coolidge has offered this time. But that somebody will, we hope, proceed in the same spirit of realization that the scope of federal government is not infinite and that—at least in the provinces of private morals and business agreements—John Doe must learn to take care of himself.

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THE VAGARIES OF COMMUNISM

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE fourth annual convention of the Workers' party of America was held in Chicago from August 21 to August 30. Its central executive committee, which has complete control over all communist activities in this country under the avowed direction of the Communist International, was enlarged from thirteen to twenty-one members. William Z. Foster was reëlected the national chairman. He and Charles E. Ruthenberg, the secretary of the party since 1921, are also on the enlarged executive committee of the Communist International.

But henceforth Foster's leadership will be largely nominal. Indeed, since then he has been deposed even from the nominal chairmanship. His prestige as the leader of American Bolshevism received a fatal blow when his "majority program" was countermanded by a cable from Zinoviev on August 28. In rejecting Foster's program Zinoviev wound up with the threat that "non-compliance means expulsion." At first he insisted that the cable was a "fake." But M. Grusev, alias P. Green, then official representative of the Communist International in this country, quickly disillusioned him. Bitterly Foster "complied," stating that he will take his case to Moscow in the hope that the Communist International may reverse itself.

There is no better way of leading up to the present struggle within American Bolshevism than by sketching the predicaments of Foster since he assumed its leadership in 1921. Since then he has changed his position on at least five different occasions, every time against his own judgment and at the behest of the Communist International.

Foster is singularly gifted in all attributes of leadership save one. He is the prey of the "lunatic fringe" of his own radical efforts. He is an excellent promoter. Given desk space, his inexhaustible energy enables him to carry his temporary utopia into every corner of the labor movement. He has the rare gift of reducing complicated movements into lucid and dramatic logic, usually fallacious, since it argues merely his latest shift toward the "wild men" in his camp. His sincerity is shown in his ascetic devotion to his changing winds of doctrine, though within the last two years he has been rationalizing his constant self-reversals into a rather meretricious "opportunism." The only thing about him which is not naïve is his enormous theoretical and practical knowledge about labor; which renders only the more amazing his weakness, amounting to tragi-comic genius, in permitting himself to be manoeuvred into doing one day the very things he preached against the day before.

Foster was expelled from the Socialist party in 1909. He quit the I. W. W. under fire in 1911. His Syndicalist League of North America died after a few months of existence in 1912. His International Trade Union Educational League died the same way in 1916. He lost out in the American Federation of Labor even before the collapse of the 1919 steel strike which he had organized. And every time he failed for the same reason. He knew what he wanted and then impatiently disregarded his own judgment. He is fundamentally a syndicalist. He wants to amalgamate all the trades in each industry into one big union. He is against political action. Yet, today he is the head of a political party. He knows that the "drive toward industrial unionism" is a wormlike process. Hence his slogan of "boring from within the masses of American labor." But "boring" is far too slow for his arduous nature. And so he scares these "masses" by revolutionary chimeras which effectively keep him out of the labor movement.

In 1920 Foster founded his third syndicalist effort, the Trade Union Educational League, which is now the "industrial department" of the Workers' party. In his need for moral and material support he turned to the then recently organized Communist International. The Russian revolution completely swept him off his feet. Early in 1921 he went to see the Russian leaders, who received him graciously, partly on account of his long radical career but mainly because he was an intellectual working man of Yankee-Scotch-Irish descent. Most of the Communists in this country then were neither workers nor intellectuals nor Americans.

Foster tried desperately to keep his Moscow relations in the background, appreciating that they would destroy his chances of "boring from within" our labor movement. But the connection entangled him, against his will, in all the "underground" communist factions at the time. When it was brought out in 1921 that he had been at the secret communist meeting in the Michigan woods, he decided to throw in his fortunes openly with Bolshevism. Unfortunately for him, Bolshevism is an international movement, whose political game is played 6,000 miles away with complete disregard of our national situation.

By 1923 the Workers' party was well organized. Foster was its avowed leader. And it began to play its "revolutionary strategy" in our labor movement. Its first efforts were to "capture the united labor ticket" of the incipient La Follette movement. The Farmer-Labor party met in convention in Chicago in July, 1923. Zinoviev cabled to "capture" by all means this meeting of "workers and poor farmers" and to form "a united political front" with American labor, in spite of Foster's advice that the Workers' party ought merely to affiliate with the other labor groups.

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But Zinoviev insisted. And so Foster attempted the "capture" of the Farmer-Labor party. The result of his effort was to disrupt it and to drive out all the responsible trade unionists whom he wished to hold. The Workers' party there and then organized a fictitious Federated Farmer-Labor party (a name legally too long to go on the ballots of most states) thus bluffing "a united front with American labor."

The reason for creating this paper party was as simple as it was absurd. A Communist party could never hope "to unite" with the third party sentiment which was then developing; the "Federated Farmer-Labor party" might. From mid-summer, 1923 to May, 1924, Foster bent every effort "to bore from within" the swelling La Follette movement. The Communist press acclaimed La Follette's virtues. Foster hoped against hope that La Follette might permit his endorsement by the Federated Farmer-Labor party which was to meet in presidential nominating convention in June, 1924. Of course La Follette repudiated the fake party. But even before La Follette came out against it, Zinoviev suddenly cabled early in May, 1924, that the Federated Farmer-Labor party schedule was to be torn up.

Alexander Bittelman, a representative of the Communist International with the Workers' party, describes in his report at the last Communist convention the reaction of the American Bolsheviks to Zinoviev's cable—"All our tactics, all our literature, all our slogans during the months of January to May were based on this general idea of a third party alliance and then, at a certain moment, the Communist International said to our party—'you cannot do it' . . . We were confronted with the necessity of reorienting ourselves practically within twenty-four hours." Foster's last hope of "boring from within" the seemingly significant political movement in American labor went glimmering. He objected. But he "complied." The Federated Farmer-Labor party was thrown into the waste basket. And Foster was even weak enough to become the presidential candidate of the Workers' party, running on a "revolutionary platform."

Why did Zinoviev order the Workers' party to tear up the paper Federated Farmer-Labor party? Why did he insist on its strictest revolutionary orthodoxy? In the answer to this question lies the secret of the socially pathological absurdities of the Communist movement in this country, which has deteriorated since then, until last January it became a mere vicious factional struggle. This struggle has absolutely nothing to do with American conditions. It is entirely a reflection of Zinoviev's personal politics in the Communist International.

Ever since the Soviet revolution the task of the Russian government and the Russian Communist party (which in 1919 was enlarged into the Communist International) have been clearly contradictory. The task of the Soviet government was all along to deal realistically with Russian national life and its foreign needs. The job of the Communist International was utopian—international social revolution. Lenin's genius was able very effectively to make use of these two contradictory tendencies. But during the last two years these diverging tendencies became ever more difficult of reconciliation. The Russian government had become stable enough to engage in imperial expansion, while the Communist International maintained its appeals for international revolution. Factionalism was in the air throughout 1923. Zinoviev, whose own political fortunes are tied up with the Communist International, protested that Bolshevism must not compromise its international revolutionary ideal. Hence his order to the Workers' party not to become entangled with the "petty burgeois La Follette movement." He protested all the more vigorously, because he was being blamed for the failures of the Communist uprisings in Germany in 1918 and 1923, in Italy in 1920, in Hungary in 1919, and in Bulgaria in 1923. Finally, last January, the situation came to a break in the Russian Communist party. Trotzky openly accused Zinoviev of revolutionary incompetence and advocated the subservience of the Russian Communist party (which is practically the Communist International) to the interests of Russian realities in domestic and foreign affairs. Both Zinoviev and Trotzky pleaded in the name of "Leninism." But Zinoviev, who had been part of the Bolshevik machine since 1903, was able to win out against Trotzky, who had joined the Bolshevik party as late as 1917. Trotzky's position was branded as "Trotzkyism," "counter-revolutionary" and "opportunistic," and he lost his cabinet position.

In Russia this struggle dealt with realities, yet it was not fratricidal. A party which is in dictatorial power can stand such rifts. But the repercussion of this struggle here threw the Workers' party into fantastic convulsions. Although the struggle had no local significance, it succeeded in splitting American Bolshevism into two groups. A ludicrous analogy to the Russian situation was created, supposedly in the light of American conditions. One faction advocated "the further Bolshevization of the Workers' party" or, in plain English, purely economic propaganda among the trade unions for one big unionism, for strikes, for revolts against the present labor leadership and the rest of the syndicalist program. All this was advocated in the name of "Leninism." The other faction was mindful of the political character of the Workers' party and was still for "a fake united front in the political field with American labor," the word "fake" indicating that its desire to collaborate with "burgeois third party movements" was purely opportunstic. This faction also wrapped itself in the mantle of "Leninism." Both factions bitterly reviled "Trotzkyism." And in order to have a Trotzky to revile, they created one in the person of Ludwig Lore, editor of the New Yorker Volks-

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zeitung, the German Communist daily. Lore's "counter-revolutionary" crime consisted in his gentle resentment at the quixotic behavior of his comrades.

Foster chose to range himself on the side of those who were urging "the further Bolshevization of the Workers' party." He saw in this issue a chance to revert to his syndicalist tendencies and to push his Trade Union Educational League, which became active in disruptive campaigns in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, among the shop crafts, the miners, the shoeworkers and other trade unions. He wrote long "theses" in the Communist press, elaborately proving how absurd his position had been a year ago. His program became known as the "majority program," because he had with him two-thirds of the central executive committee and about three-fourths of the Bolshevik membership by national referendum. Ruthenberg headed the "minority program," which recommended "the united front" with American labor in the political field, though American labor refused "to unite" and the third party movement as a question of practical politics had been snowed under in the Coolidge election. Both factions joined in vilifying Ludwig Lore, whose "second and a half international counter-revolutionary tendencies" were referred to as "Loreism." The party press was in ferment with all these fantastic struggles. Foster and Ruthenberg and other Communist leaders made several pilgrimages to Moscow. The Communist International finally appointed Grusev to come here and to adjudicate the quarrel as chairman of a "parity committee."

The Communist International also issued a lengthy statement "on the American question." Oracularly it gave its blessings to both factions, and both factions interpreted it as an "endorsement." "In America," decided the Communist International, "the regular work of the party in the trade unions must be considered now as the fundamental work;" which was an endorsement of the majority. On the other hand the Communist International with an appearance of endorsing the minority policy felt that "not the rejection of a struggle for the labor party, but an adjustment and further development of our [sic] tactics in this struggle are called for by the present situation in America." And finally: "the executive committee [of the Communist International] demands that all personal polemics between the two sides should cease . . . and that the representatives of the . . . majority and minority should . . . conclude a fraternal peace and work in Communist coöperation." Both factions were then advised to unite in a "struggle against Lore's opportunism . . ."

At the last convention of the Workers' party Lore was duly expelled and with him went the German Communist press and constituency. After this "liquidation of Loreism" was over, the real struggle between Foster and Ruthenberg began. Foster felt that the clear referendum victory of his majority program entitled him to a proportionate majority on the new executive committee. He was having his way, when on August 28, a cable reached the convention from Zinoviev: "The Communist International is highly dissatisfied with the majority. The minority is closer to us and more communistic. We demand that the minority gets at least 40 percent representation on the central executive committee and at least 50 percent on all committees and subcommittees. Non-compliance means expulsion." The referendum of the membership of the Workers' party was overridden. This stand was a direct affront to Foster. Of the twenty-one new members of the central executive committee, eleven are against him.

Zinoviev feels now that "the minority is closer to us," in spite of its "opportunism," because he had to compromise with his revolutionary orthodoxy at home. As was to be expected, the realistic tendencies of the Soviet government were bound to win out against the utopianism of the Communist International. Trotzky is very much back in office. Stalin, whose position as chairman of the organization committee of the Russian Communist party gives him the whole patronage power of the government, is gradually swinging away from Zinoviev. The Communist International has had to modify its red talk. And so Zinoviev is now telling his American comrades that they "need not demand nor even expect that [there] . . . will be immediately a revolutionary" movement in America. Furthermore, he suspects Foster's syndicalist tendencies, for syndicalism is national rather than international and economic rather than political.

The fact is that an intelligent, indigenous and consistent program in American labor, no matter how radical, does not interest Zinoviev. He expects the Workers' party to be an adjunct to his own political machine in Moscow. He knows that there is no revolutionary chance in this country. All he wants the Workers' party to do is to make the kind of noise, which to him is worth approximately $100,000 a year: to break up Socialist meetings; to propagandize disruptive "slogans" in our labor movement; to fish in the murky waters of our race problem; to stage "protest" meetings against Mr. Saklatvala's exclusion from the Interparliamentary Union; to indulge in anti-British propaganda in general. Of course, the very championship of any cause by the Communists hurts it in this country. But it makes good political hokum for the time being for Zinoviev in Russia. And poor Bill Foster is so deeply involved in the politics of the Communist International that he is forced to "comply" in these revolutionary antics against his own conscience and good judgment. In October, he even had to "comply" in the reorganization of the Workers' party in a way which abolished his chairmanship. And at present Mr. Grusev, alias Mr. Green, the official agent of Zinoviev in this country, is "pointing out" the "dangers" of the "Foster tendency."

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A WITNESS TO THE FAITH

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

ON Saturday, December 4, as the train from Detroit steamed into the Park Row station at Chicago, a dense crowd of two thousand men and women were waiting its arrival. When it came to a standstill and a short, sturdily built figure, dressed in black broadcloth with a touch of Roman purple at the collar, appeared for a moment at the head of one of the parlor cars, a hoarse shout of welcome that rang in the roof of glass and iron burst from the throats of the expectant throng. For the guest in whose honor the station was filled was Jan Cieplak, Archbishop of Vilna, son of Russian Poland, former Catholic Primate of the vast empire that the czar once ruled, who had come from under the very shadow of the Bolshevik gallows to visit his own people in the far land where they have tasted liberty and prosperity. And with the Polish people, as with the Irish, to whose character and national destiny the resemblance is so often noted, religion and nationhood are one. The emotions that strike one chord, reverberate along the other.

Two weeks ago, when it was my own privilege, in a room on the sixth story of the Belmont Hotel in New York, to kneel and kiss the great ring which the Polish prelate wears upon one finger of a very small and shapely hand, the immediate comparison that leapt to my mind, was the figure of Monsignor Bienvenu, in Hugo's greatest novel. Les Misérables, I suppose, is not what one calls a "good book." But all the hard things that have been said about its meretricious preachments and unsound reasonings will not alter the fact that in the holy "bishop of D————," Hugo has given us as vivid and heartfelt a portrait of a saint as the most devout could desire. And what lingers in the memory when we have finished the vital chapters in which the anger and thirst for vengeance of the terrible convict dissolve before the sheer power that radiates from goodness, is not so much the mercy and insight of Monsignor Myriel, as the serenity of a good conscience before which a sort of paralysis overtakes fierceness and the desire to work ill.

It is this serenity which first reaches one in Monsignor Cieplak's presence. No hint of the tragedies in which he has been a protagonist, no shadow of the death sentence that once lay upon his venerable head while religious and civic bodies all over the world joined in a chorus of indigation, seems to linger upon his face or bearing. In the common prison where he was herded for fourteen months with political prisoners and felons, one can imagine that his presence was a positive ray of hope and resignation. His figure is strongly built and straight despite sixty-eight years of life and forty-five of labor for God. The head is round, the hands and feet remarkably small for so strongly built a man. Under bushy brows, steady grey eyes, also rather small, beam with a good temper and are ready, at some ludicrous memory of his trials, to twinkle with fun. They never flash with anger; even when some memory of the injustice and hardships he has endured is recalled for him by one of his attendant clergy. And when he breaks from the French in which his phrases are measured out, almost too meticulously for an eager and imaginative reviewer, the language of his own land flows from his lips with a cadenced harmony which it is a pleasure to listen to, even though not a word is understood. It is the Slav, but the Slav refined and humanized, with the great frame molded to elegance, the rough features chiseled, and the fugue disciplined by culture—the Slav as he turns his face to the West on the marches of Poland—the martyr nation of Europe.

The career of Archbishop Cieplak, until his dramatic trial and the iniquitous sentence actually carried out upon his vicar-general, Monsignor Budkiewicz, awoke protest all over the civilized world, was one of labor and evangelization. He was born at Kielce in 1857—when men were still living who could recall, as children, the terrible massacres by Souvarov at Warsaw—six years before the last unsuccessful attempt by Poland to break her chains. After holding the chair of theology at the Academy of Petrograd for thirty years, he was created auxiliary to the Archbishop of Mohilew (Petrograd) and so remained until the latter's banishment in 1919, when he assumed the full duties of the see. It is typical of Monsignor Cieplak that, in speaking of the sufferings of Catholics in Bolshevist Russia and the prospects of the Church in the future, he likes to hark back to the days when he covered perhaps the very largest diocese in Christendom, and was received at distant townships even as far away as Siberia, not only by the Polish colonists and residents, but by the authorities of the Orthodox and Jewish faiths, as an honored guest. In these good relations that reigned despite the fact that a hampered and official-driven life was all Catholics of the western allegiance were permitted, he seems to see the best warrant for a better day when the storm-clouds of the present persecution have blown away.

It is not generally known, I think, that the arrest of Archbishop Cieplak in March 1923, was the third indignity of the sort that he endured at the hands of the Soviets. In 1920, at a time when the iron discipline of Lenin and Trotsky was not yet riveted on the people of Russia, he spent two weeks in prison, but was set free as the result of a public protest. In 1921, he was again in prison for a week, on the absurd charge that he had accompanied Polish refugees to the railroad

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station. His final imprisonment for fourteen months, from March 1923 till May 1924, in the Butyrki prison at Moscow, even without the shadow of death that lay at its end, recalls the worst days of the Paris terror. No visitors from the outside world were suffered to visit this shepherd of two million souls. He was not suffered to say Mass, though happily he had the spiritual comfort that his vicar-apostolic, doomed to martyrdom, could afford him. Food was brought him twice a week by his parishioners and cut into morsels before it was permitted to reach his cell. Letters from the outside world were subjected to rigorous censorship. His guards were rough and illiterate, but hardly more so than the commissars who sat in judgment upon him at the parody of a trial permitted him at the end. By strenuous efforts Father Edmund Walsh, of the University of Georgetown, obtained leave to visit the imprisoned archbishop on four occasions, but saw him only surrounded by guards and was not allowed to penetrate the prison. Senator King, of Utah, was another visitor from the United States, to whose sympathy and practical help in securing his release by the moral pressure that power was able to exercise, Monsignor Cieplak's visit to these shores is largely due.

In speaking of future prospects of the Catholic Church in Russia, even the sane optimism which one feels is part of Archbishop Cieplak's temperament is not able to paint the present picture in anything but murky colors. The intentions of the Soviet to root out faith of any sort in Russia is obvious and sinister in its devilish cleverness. The conviction that childhood is the critical period in religious life, held by believers and unbelievers alike, is responsible for their war against religious training in schools, and for the absurd and insincere law that the child who has grown up without doctrinal teaching of any sort is free to choose his church affiliations at the age of eighteen. In Russia, since Monsignor Cieplak was conveyed across the Polish frontier and left to make his way to Warsaw with neither money nor food, there is no Catholic bishop. The two sees of Mohilew and Saratov are vacant. One hundred and twenty devoted priests, literally "on mission," are trying to shoulder the burden of ministering to a Catholic population that, despite banishment and emigration, still numbers two millions of souls. There is no seminary nor any provision for a priesthood who shall replace them when they fall under the terrible task, or become victims to persecution.

It is in this very "nadir" of the Faith that the patriotic prelate sees a challenge to the Polish people and priesthood. While many in the Orthodox body, hopelessly split into divisions by the "Living Church" movement, and stripped of the possessions that once gave them power and influence, are looking wistfully towards union with Rome, the immediate needs must be met, and the last Catholic archbishop of Russia is convinced that the task of evangelization can be best done by devoted Polish priests and laity.

"Racial hatred, except perhaps on the border, simply does not exist," the venerable prelate declares, in no uncertain voice. "All Poles in Russia know the Russian language, and know the sentiments and character of its people. The long period of persecution has had this peculiar and unlooked-for effect. While it sent to Poland, as officials and administrators, men whose character was far beneath what the Czar's government would have endured in its own country, it also sent to Russia, where there was no hindrance placed in the way of their attaining the highest posts, men of whom Poland has reason to be proud. As a result, Polish prestige still stands high in Russia. As interpreters to Europe of the Slav soul in music, art and literature, their reputation has never suffered any eclipse. As mediators between the Universal Church and the soul, intensely religious still, of the Russian peasant and townsman, I am convinced that their destiny is no less clear, and that a day will dawn sooner than many believe, when the providence that once joined Russia and Poland in bonds that were so often fetters for the smaller and weaker nation, will show forth clearly as the manifest providence under God that it has really been."

One left the gentle presence of this hero of the Church with a feeling that the providence which put off the crown of martyrdom from his grey head is hardly less unmistakable. His nomination by the Holy See to the Archbishopric of Vilna, the Polish diocese bordering on Soviet Russia, has cut short his stay in America. But he will not leave the land where he has seen religion, under democracy, fulfilling its benign ministry unprivileged but unhampered, without taking home with him a large access of strength that, despite banishment and expatriation, will reach his hard-pressed brethren across the Polish frontier.

Mended

Her mind is mended now—
  Bright bits that scattered when
He let it fall have formed
  A pattern once again.

This plate is mended, too,
  But one would never know
It had been broken if
  No other told him so.

Yet festive mounds of fruit
  It can no longer hold,
Nor flowered bridal cake,
  Three-tiered and flecked with gold.

Who handles it must have
  A touch that's deftly kind;
Then it will hold small things—
  How like her mended mind!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

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THE LEAGUE AT WORK

By ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE Locarno agreements mark a decisive turning point in post-war history. The entry of Germany into the League of Nations with a permanent seat on the Council will bring with it not only new moral relationship but also new diplomatic methods. For seven years it has been doubtful whether the old European system of balance of power would be revived in the form of a division between the two sides in the great war, or whether the coöperative organism devised to supersede that system would prove strong enough to accomplish its task. It is now clear that the old system has passed away beyond recall. Henceforward the League of Nations, and, in particular, its council will be the centre of diplomatic activity. That does not mean that all will be harmony. On the contrary, the new system will bring with it dangers of its own, of which there is certain to be evidence enough in the coming twelve months. It does not even mean that there cannot be attempts to revive the system of balance and competition inside the League itself. No mere institution can reform international morality. But it does mean that the whole influence of the league system, the influence of the habit of coöperation and mutual understanding developed by the work of the last six years will be thrown into the scales on the side of reasonableness, good will and constructive adjustment.

What is the League of Nations today? What is this organization which is just concluding its period of apprenticeship and preparing to face larger tasks?

Last spring when I crossed the Atlantic going eastward a conscientious fellow-traveler, who had prepared herself to see the sights of Europe, enquired as to my destination. When I told her that I was bound for the League of Nations at Geneva, she replied with astonishment—"Is it really open the year round? I did not know they kept a clerk there." A few days after reaching Geneva, I overheard a lady emerging from the secretariat remark to a friend who had awaited her outside—"There is nothing whatever to see there. It is only an office."

These two anecdotes which have the merit of being true, illustrate two popular misconceptions about the League. The first lady did not know that it had an office and had therefore concluded that it was nothing but idle talk. The second had vaguely imagined that it was a standing exhibition of high dramatics and was correspondingly depressed at seeing the concrete business-like reality. But in fact, during the first period of its activity, the League has been chiefly and essentially an office. Its great achievement has been to have institutionalized an aspiration. "Peace on earth to men of good will," was proclaimed nearly two thousand years ago. Men have assented to the ideal, but have always asked themselves "how."

The League of Nations is not a complete answer to that query. The question of method in the larger realm of human affairs is a problem of religious and social organization for which Catholics have their own answer. The League of Nations is neither a religious body nor an ethical body; it is simply a political body, in the technical sense of that word. Its only connection with religion and ethics is that, in the nature of things, politics must be applied religion and applied morality. The applications are technical and, as in every art of science, often difficult to discover; but so soon as the connection between the applied art and the parent art, between politics and ethics is lost, there must of necessity be confusion and corruption. And the League, more than any other political organization, needs the constant discipline of a common morale and the constant inspiration of an ideal.

How has the League institutionalized peace? By developing a technique of coöperation between sovereign governments. It is this new system of coöperation which has grown up at Geneva during the last six years which is the most far-reaching contribution made as yet by the League to the peace of the world. It is this which has produced that "Geneva atmosphere," so potent yet so impalpable, which delegates to the Assembly, the Council and the technical conferences carry back to their cabinets and government departments.

The creation of this atmosphere is undoubtedly due to the secretariat. This body of some three hundred permanent workers or clerks, as the good lady would call them, is not, strictly speaking, an international civil service. It does no direct administration. If it did, its numbers would have to be greatly increased and not one but a row of hotels, comparable to the bureaucratic piles of London, Washington, and other capitals would house the staff of what would then be in reality a superstate. The secretariat is not a bureaucracy but an agency for making and maintaining international contacts. It is a centre for the working out and dissemination of ideas and plans. Round the small staff of its various sections revolves a whole host of more technical and specialized bodies; but these consist for the most part not of League officials but of outside experts, sometimes officials of national governments, sometimes representatives of other bodies, sometimes private individuals, but all key men in their respective spheres of activity. Thus the number of those who give part service to the League is very much greater than the number of whole-time League officials, and hardly a week passes at Geneva without

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the meeting of some technical committee whose work radiates to the most various spheres of civilized activity.

The broad result of this method has been to stimulate and hasten a change in the character of intergovernmental relationship of which the first signs were already visible before the war. It has reduced the foreign offices to the position of being only one of the many official agencies through which sovereign governments do business with one another. Before the war, the foreign offices carried almost the entire burden—today the League machinery of consultation, and conference has brought departments of health, of commerce, of transport and others into the international arena. Since the matters with which these departments are concerned are in their nature generally less contentious than those which come to foreign offices proper, the result has been to extend contacts in a field where coöperation has often been both pleasant and easy.

This is not the place in which to enumerate the long list of practical measures which have resulted from this work. Where first class issues are involved, the subjects threshed out in technical committees are referred to a full-dress international conference with a treaty or convention as the final aim. Thus the discussions on the traffic in arms led to the conference on this subject last spring, at which the United States was represented. The result was a series of documents signed by the majority of the delegates at the closing session. Then follows the long and laborious task of securing ratifications. Before the war this presented almost insuperable difficulties; for to extract signatures from some fifty governments, each of which has to consult experts ensconced in offices remote from international influences is as difficult a procedure as can be imagined. Today the matters to be ratified are already familiar to the experts when the document arrives. Ratification is seldom rapid, except on a first class issue such as the Locarno agreements; but at least it can be said for the League system that it has made coöperation between sovereign states a possible method of doing business in a world which will inevitably need more and more general rules for the regulation of its common life.

I have purposely dwelt rather on the routine work of the League than on its more ambitious projects: for it is only in virtue of the technique and the good will developed in the day by day conduct of routine business that the more ambitious tasks have become possible. The world was surprised last October by the smoothness with which the machinery of the League was set in action to prevent a war in the Balkans. Few realized that behind the punctual clock-work of the Council there was a habit of association and mutual confidence which made it impossible for the germs of distrust, so potent hitherto in international crises, to find a lodgment. When the Bulgarian peasants saw their villages being evacuated as the result of ten gentlemen meeting round a table in Paris, they must have regarded it almost as a miracle. But it was not a miracle; it was merely the working of what has already become a routine. And public opinion throughout the countries represented in the League is becoming accustomed to the thought that it is the old system of anarchy, selfishness and competition which is abnormal and unnatural. The new system under which peoples benefit from the operation of general rules of coöperation such as are customary in the smaller units of society, is not only sound and sensible; it is inevitable. Henceforward controversy will rage not about the principle of international political organization but about this or that method and detail. For the student of political science, as for the detached observer of the international scene, the coming years will be full of the interest which always attaches to the practical development of an idea which has acquired the decisive momentum of concrete success.

Webs

I weave a web of song to snare
A mood—the memory of a spray
Of foam-flower, blossoms of the pear,
I hold within a roundelay.

A word of love, a robin's note,
A seamew's cry—lest I forget—
I capture from a throbbing throat
And prison in a triolet.

Or some sweet sorrow that has been
Too prone to fade, like leaves that fall,
I keep inviolate within
The meshes of a madrigal.

In sadder years when I misdoubt
The beauty I was wont to sing,
I'll open wide my web, and out
Will flash a word, a song, a wing.

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

To the City in the Snow

On brick and stone and trees all stark and bare
The snow comes softly, swiftly drifting down,
Transforming this prim spinster of a town
Into a sparkling princess passing fair.
With alabaster brow and frosty hair,
And icy jewels in her ermine gown,
She wears the glistening steeples for a crown,
And rears her crystal diadem in air.

And then the moon sends down a silver beam,
The scintillating stars their sapphires show,
Amber and rose from friendly windows stream,
And multi-colored lights flash to and fro,
Tinting with fairy hue and dancing gleam
The too cold beauty of the fallen snow.

AGNES O'GARA RUGGERI.

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NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

III. ITS ESTABLISHMENT IN FRANCE

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

THE French Revolution—that landmark in the history of nationalism—was a landmark in the development of nationalism as a religion. At first many a French intellectual entertained the idea of syncretizing eighteenth-century philosophy with Catholic Christianity in a state church which should be organized democratically and conducted in the national interests. "The state," it seems to me, said the Abbé Raynal, "is not made for religion, but religion is made for the state . . . When the state has pronounced, the church has nothing more to say."

The Civil Constitution of the Clergy, voted by the National Assembly in July, 1790, was the formal legal attempt to realize the Abbé's program; it aimed "to create a national clergy, placed far from the Pope, under the control of the civil power, with the same standing as other state officials." But the Pope and the large majority of the French clergy were not ready for any such religious syncretism; the Civil Constitution was condemned at Rome in April, 1791; and thenceforth issue was squarely joined in France between the religions of Catholicism and Nationalism. Christianity was not formally proscribed, but only the clergy who swore allegiance to the Civil Constitution were allowed to perform Christian services, and the Catholic churches in most parts of France were transformed into civic temples. Against the refractory clergy, measures of increasing severity were taken; but severity did not suffice, and by the summer of 1793 a real persecution of Catholicism had begun. For in the minds of the revolutionaries, the Catholic clergy as a whole had committed the greatest infamy of all—they had defied the national state. For nationalism truly became a religion with the French revolutionaries. In the "new order" they perceived a miraculous regeneration, not only for France, but for the entire human race. The Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen was hailed as "the national catechism," and solemn profession of belief in it was prescribed by the Constitution of 1791. Those who refused to swear to it were cut off from the community by civil excommunication; and foreigners who proclaimed their loyalty to it were admitted to the ranks of the faithful and enrolled as in a communion of saints. The writen Constitution, embodying the Declaration, became holy writ.

At the first session of the Legislative Assembly, in the autumn of 1791, "twelve old men went in procession to seek the Book of the Constitution. They came back, having at their head the archivist Camus, who, holding up the book with his two hands and resting it on his breast, carried with slow and measured tread the Blessed Sacrament of the French. All the deputies stood up and bared their heads. Camus, with meditative mien, kept his eyes lowered."

The tricolor cockade, the "trees of liberty," the Phrygian cap, the tablets of the Declaration of Rights and of the Constitution, the altars to la patrie—all these were symbols of the new faith. The Legislative Assembly decreed in June, 1792, that "in all the communes, an altar to the fatherland shall be raised, on which shall be written the Declaration of Rights with the inscription, 'the citizen is born, lives, and dies for la patrie.'" Two years earlier, at Strasbourg, was introduced the rite of "civic baptism." "Civic marriages" and "civic funerals" came later. And the new religion soon had its hymns and its prayers, its fasts and its festivals.

Whilst the masses where drawn increasingly to the faith and worship of the national state, the revolutionary intellectuals redoubled their attacks upon historic Catholicism and attempted to substitute for it various specialized cults of nationalism. In the National Convention, on November 5, 1793, Marie-Joseph Chénier proposed the formal establishment of an exclusively lay religion—that of la patrie. "Wrest," said he, on that occasion, "the sons of the Republic from the yoke of theocracy which still weighs upon them . . . Devoid of prejudices and worthy to represent the French nation, you will know how to found, on the débris of the dethroned superstitions, the only universal religion which has neither sects nor mysteries, of which the only dogma is equality, of which our lawmakers are the preachers, of which the magistrates are the pontiffs, and in which the human family burns its incense only at the altar of la patrie—common mother and divinity."

Two days later the Catholic bishop of Paris announced to the Convention his apostasy from Christianity and declared that "there should no longer be any public worship other than that of liberty and holy equality." Three days more, and the worship of Reason was solemnly inaugurated in the cathedral of Notre Dame.

Reason, however, did not obtain universal or permanent adoration. It was speedily succeeded, under the influence of Robespierre, by the worship of the Supreme Being (Deism) and this in turn, after the downfall of Robespierre, by the civic cult of the Decadi and the ethical cult of Theophilanthropy. But what vitality there was in any or all of these varieties and vagaries of religious experience is attributable to their

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intermixture with the religion of Nationalism. This religion had already lodged deep in popular consciousness, and eventually it was to emerge, in more or less curious syncretisms with older philosophies and world-religions, as the dominant religion of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Nationalism, viewed as a religion, has much in common with other great religious systems of the past. It has, for example, a god, who is either the patron or the personification of one's patrie, one's fatherland, one's national state. This god resembles the Jewish Yahweh in that he is the god of a chosen people—a jealous god, and preëminently a god of battles; but he must not be identified with Yahweh, for French and German and British and all non-Jewish nationalists have a contempt for Yahweh as deep-seated and expressive as the priests of Yahweh entertained in biblical time for Baal and his priests. Devotees of a particular national god are prone to mock and sneer at any failure of another national god to bring down fire from heaven.

On his own national god the modern religious nationalist is conscious of dependence. Of his powerful help he feels the need. In him he recognizes the source of his own perfection and happiness. To him, in a strictly religious sense, he subjects himself. Moreover, the religious nationalist not only is disposed subjectively to acknowledge his dependence on the national god, but he is also ready to acknowledge such dependence objectively through acts of homage and adoration rendered to the deity of his cult.

Nationalism, like any religion, calls into play not simply the will, but the intellect, the imagination, and the emotions. The intellect constructs a speculative theology or mythology of nationalism. The imagination builds an unseen world around the eternal past and the everlasting future of one's nationality. The emotions feed the theological virtues of faith, hope, and filial love; they arouse a joy and ecstasy in the contemplation of the national god, who is all-good and all-protecting—a longing for his favors, a thankfulness for his benefits, a fear of offending him, and feelings of awe and reverence at the immensity of his power and wisdom. They express themselves naturally in worship, both internal and external, both private and public. For nationalism, again like any other religion, is, to a large extent, a social function, and its chief rites are public rites, performed in the name, and for the salvation, of the whole community.

Nationalism as a religion first appeared among peoples that were traditionally Christian, and it is not extraordinary therefore that it should have borrowed and adapted to its own purposes many customs and usages of historic Christianity. In fact, the current notion of the national state is so similar to the mediaeval notion of the Christian church that the close study of the doctrines and practices of contemporary nationalism is recommended to the modern man who would comprehend the seemingly incomprehensible period of the middle-ages as it deserves to be understood. And now for a comparison with our own very different day.

To the modern national state, as to the mediaeval church, is attributable an ideal—a mission. It is the mission of salvation and the ideal of immortality. The nation is conceived of as eternal, and the deaths of her loyal sons do but add to her undying fame and glory. She protects her children and saves them from foreign devils; she assures them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; she fosters for them the arts and the sciences; and she gives them nourishment. Nor may the rôle of the modern national state, any more than that of the mediaeval church, be thought of as economic or mercenary; it is primarily spiritual—even other-worldly—and its driving force is its collective faith—a faith in its mission and destiny, a faith in things unseen, a faith that would move mountains. Nationalism is sentimental, emotional, and inspirational.

There are very definite and illuminating parallels between contemporary nationalism and mediaeval Christianity. Nowadays the individual is born into the national state as formerly he was born into the church; and the secular registration of birth is the national rite of baptism. Thenceforth, with tender solicitude, the state follows the individual through life, teaching him in patriotic schools the national catechism, showing him by pious precept and solemn sacrament the beauties of national holiness, fitting him for a life of service (no matter how glorious or how menial) to the state—the Alpha and Omega of his being, the author and finisher of his blessings—and commemorating his vital crises by formal registration (with a fee) not only of his birth, but likewise of his marriage—of the birth of his children, and of his death.

If he is a crusader in behalf of nationalism, his place of entombment is marked forever with the ensign of his service. And the funerals of national potentates and heroes are celebrated by patriotic pomp and circumstance that make the obsequies of mediaeval bishops seem drab.

Membership in some modern national state is compulsory. The individual may withdraw from the earthly state militant only by death or emigration; and in the latter case he finds it well nigh impossible to discover any land which does not possess some established form of the religion of nationalism. He may change his sect, so to speak, but not his religion. The fabled "man without a country" has become an up-to-date version of the "flying Dutchman." And the individual, however sceptical he may be about his national faith, knows that compulsory membership in any national state involves compulsory financial support of its maintenance and missionary enterprise—for such a state is as insistent upon the collection of taxes as ever was the mediaeval church upon the levying of tithes and first fruits for the support of its work.

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THE FOUNDING PAINTERS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AN ENGLISH critic once said of us that we were not a young nation as we fondly believed, but an embodiment of all the antique ghosts of European civilization. This could hardly be otherwise. Our ancestors brought their traditions with them, as they brought the family spoons, but for a long time these traditions were thrust into the background, as the pioneers dealt at first hand with a savage wilderness.

Aesthetic traditions were the earliest to be submerged and the last to re-appear, as is always the case with a people in the ferment of becoming something else. A man pursued by the Indians, would not have much opportunity to reflect upon the superiority of the Ionic order over the Corinthian, but long after everything had cooled down, his thoughts might wander wistfully to a great tradition like a path of light back into the land he had left.

The present exhibition at the Grand Central Terminal, under the auspices of the National Academy of Design is an effort—and a very successful one—to cover the field of American art since the founding of the Academy one hundred years ago, and to include examples of the works of all its members. From many angles it is a most interesting exhibition, but most of all, perhaps, in its illustration of the gradual emergence of a national consciousness in the realm of art.

Take, for instance, the great Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington—not only is it in the tradition of the schools of the British portrait-painters of the eighteenth century, but it is a perfect witness to our aristocratic ideals at the close of the Revolutionary War. The benign gentleman in black velvet small clothes and black silk stockings and with powdered hair stands amid the columns and balooning draperies that erstwhile formed the background to the divine right of kings; but instead of the lion or the lilies, the American eagle surmounts the faces which form the legs of an imperial table near which the Father of his Country stands in an attitude of aristocratic beneficence. We have renounced King George and all his works, but we have no intention of parting with the mellow symbols of gentlehood! All that will come later when we say with the newly-arrived—"We are not rude. We are rich!"

No, we were gentle and proud, and Stuart and Sully and Inman and Rembrandt Peale painted the American aristocrat after the traditions of Romney and Reynolds and Gainsborough; and many nameless American "primitives" who were not academicians, painted austere New England ministers in gown and bands, or subdued little girls with their skirts to their feet, and the fear of Calvin in their innocent eyes.

Portraiture indeed was the whole of American art for many years—landscape painting coming in with the much discredited Hudson River school—a veritable age of innocence in the domain of art. But, after all, perhaps it was a finer sentiment to discover that our country was beautiful, than to be thrilled by the rather banal fact that she was very rich, and that corporations could fatten upon her. Be that as it may, the Hudson River period of the dying sunset and the retreating Indian had its merits, as the examples at this exhibition show. It was, at least, conscientious painting with good draughtsmanship.

The Centennial Exhibition ended the Hudson River school, and initiated a new era, because, for the first time in the history of the country, the public at large had the opportunity to view a collection of the best modern paintings Europe had to loan. Young American artists were going to Rome and to Paris to study, and in the latter centre especially, they imbibed fresh ideals, or returned with the technical skill to translate their own into terms recognizably American. A new generation appeared, and such masters as George Inness, Alden Weir, LaFarge, Winslow Homer, Douglas Volk, and William Chase gained international reputation, while establishing a distinctively American tradition in landscape and marine painting and in portraiture.

Albert Ryder, with his unearthly indifference to fame, fortune, and the tenets of schools is represented in this exhibition with one lovely little picture, The Temple of the Mind. It is not surprising that he, the follower of no school, a recluse, a mystic, looking always beyond the accidents of matter, should have exerted a profound influence upon the younger American artists weary of technique that rested in itself, or of a too obvious beauty. Childe Hassam is another who speaks a language all his own, powerfully interpreting the American scene in colors and atmosphere peculiarly ours. Gardner Symons's snow scenes are the very spirit of our northern winters, and no European painter could quite parallel them. Intensely American, too, and radiant with vitality is Ernest Ipsen's portrait of Edwin Howland Blashfield.

This exhibition is of the greatest promise for the future by reason of the very great achievement here shown. If the country is not submerged by materialistic greed, and if artists are allowed to live, without too great pressure upon them from the challenge of a complex civilization, we may in time create a school sufficiently dynamic to draw art pilgrims from Europe.

Rebels

I

We two shall disagree . . . His time-fogged eyes
Grope in deserted meadows—"Grow, grow, grow!
The trees have got the hill again," he sighs,
"You wouldn't think it—not eight years ago
We dug potatoes there." He shakes his head
To see the forest eating back the field
That once could eat the forest up instead.
To scourge the land with plows and make it yield
Order and stuff for cellars—that would set
Sweet pulses singing. This tumultuous growth
Is something like a sin he can't forget,
Cannot forgive the hills. Loose-lipped and loath
He sees the unleashed soil rage up in green—
"Yes, that was corn, with squashes in between!"

II

And I can smile at him. Poised in curved blue
The moveless noon recalls the thunder-dream—
That far, dark, beating world where men are through
With green rebellion, saved by stone and steam!
Here the young trees thrust javelins toward the sun—
Blunt tulip tree and fine-tooled dogwood leaves—
I cannot mourn grey orchard trees undone,
Or wheat that stands no more in silver sheaves;
I have been intimate with earth well tamed,
To this great heave and rush my heart beats well;
Let the oaks charge, let the hard wall be shamed;
They are my clan, these wild things that rebel.
The old man mutters desolately, but both
The hill and I exult with turbulent growth!

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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THE PLAY

The Dybbuk

IN The Dybbuk, a play by S. Ansky translated from the Hebrew, which had its première on December 17, New York witnessed a memorable triumph. This drama as produced by the Neighborhood players who have drawn every hinted, hidden symbol from the lines of a Russian-Jewish playwright whose mind was heir to all the rich mysticism of an ancient religion, and portrayed them on the stage with a directness that is yet a delicacy—this play is a play, not of three acts, but of a thousand and one, and more; a play not of three scenes, but rather of the entire, tragic panorama of the spiritual history of a race.

Above and around each act, portraying the story of two lovers —predestined from birth for each other, thwarted by the material ambitions of the girl's father, obedient with their bodies to his will with the obedience of a race to whom "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother," was, in every sense, a Commandment, yet incapable of bending their souls to the denial of their love—hovers and whispers the very spirit of the religious life of the Jews. The soul of centuries is here. Vistas, more fascinating because foreign to the average playgoer, of the spiritual outlook of ancient Judaism—wistful, with all the wistfulness of the seeking for salvation—firm, with all the firmness of an abiding faith—unfold in beauty, and leave their intangible, suggested impress long after the play is ended.

Ansky, who after an estrangement from, and indifference to, the ideas of his own people, turned once more to the study of their lives, their history, their folk-lore, and their religion, desired in The Dybbuk to portray the life of followers of Chassidism—a sect of the Jewish religion which arose in the eighteenth century. It was, says the Neighborhood's playbill, "a mystical interpretation of Judaism, and was founded by Ba'al Shem Tob. It developed as a reaction against rabbinical asceticism and encouraged spiritual exaltation through ecstatic song, movement and feasting." In such a belief do the characters of this strange drama move and have their being.

Two men—life-long friends, marry on the same day—to each in due time is born a child, one a girl, the other a boy. Their fathers pledge them to each other in future marriage. Life is generous to the father of the girl, who becomes a wealthy merchant. But the father of the boy leaves his native town and dies in poverty. The son returns to Brianits as a student in the synagogue there; and the spiritual betrothal of the two young people is strengthened by the great love that comes to each for the other. But Leah's father has other plans for her now—she must be married to a young man who can give her wealth and position. Yet Channon is determined to win his predestined love with the only means at his disposal—prayer. When it appears as though he had been defeated, his love for Leah is so great that he attempts to venture beyond legitimate prayer and delve into the mysteries of the Kabbalah, forbidden to all but the Tsadik, or Holy Man. For "when these are in the hands of any but the most holy, they are a danger and may bring destruction."

As punishment for this sacrilege, he dies; yet his spirit hovers near the earth, unable to leave its beloved. The preparations for Leah's wedding to the eligible young man chosen by her father, continue; but on the bridal day, she goes, according to the custom of her people, to the cemetery, to ask the spirits of her dead relatives to her wedding. After much persuasion, her grandmother permits her to invite also the soul of Channon—although an invitation to spirits other than those of blood relatives is contrary to the religious law.

For this transgression, Leah, in turn, is punished—and the soul of Channon enters her body. She becomes possessed of a "dybbuk"—the restless, injured soul of one who haunts that misty half-world close to the earth, yet not of it, and wilfully enters the body of a living person.

In the end, driven out of Leah's body by the powers of the Tsadik—to whom is transmitted "the power of healing, of foreseeing, and of divine inspiration; of holding trial between the living and the dead, and of exorcism"—the Dybbuk returns to his beloved and enters her soul, and the two unite in death.

The ritual of the ceremonies employed by the Tsadik in the exorcism of the Dybbuk, "has been established by tradition. The mystic circle beyond which the dead may not pass; the sanctuary of the Holy Scrolls or sacred law; the protection of the seven black candles; the blowing of the ram's horn, are all symbols of that belief that ties together the world of fact and the world of the spirit."

The production, in its authentic representation of Jewish religious custom, its incorporation of Jewish sacred and folk music, and its superb artistry in the arrangement of groups—especially remarkable in the scene where the poor are gathered in the courtyard on the wedding day, and weave their uncanny, weird and terrifying dance about the bride—is beyond criticism, and one that will long be memorable.

But the Neighborhood has gone farther than achieving mere mechanical effects of good stage-setting, for the psychic atmosphere of these mystic people whose life so closely impinged that of the invisible world, permeates not only the stage, but the entire theatre—strangely, fearfully—till the unseen wings of the spirit world sigh about one, remote, yet pathetically near in their poignant burden of the earth-sorrows from which death has not been merciful enough to release them.

A review of the play should not attempt to describe "Mary Ellis as Leah"—for Mary Ellis *is* Leah—an interpretation and performance it will be difficult for New York to forget. Particularly fine is her art in the scene where the Dybbuk, having taken possession of her, is commanded by the Tsadik to depart, and she plays, in her outward semblance of a young girl, the hunted, driven, frightened yet determined soul of Channon clinging to the body of his love.

Albert Carroll, who plays Channon gives, as usual, a fine performance—and one regrets that his appearance is limited to the first act. Indeed, from the principals to the subordinates in the cast, every performance is more than satisfying.

The Dybbuk, fraught with drama and the appeal dear to playgoers since the time of the world's first play—that of ideal yet thwarted love—has yet, perhaps, a characteristic that at least to one mind, is a flaw in an otherwise great play. Meshulach (the Messenger) who follows the characters through every scene and philosophizes on the griefs that come to them, yet appears in no way to add to the story, nor to contribute anything necessary to theme or atmosphere, seems extraneous, and dragged in for a purpose, which, if ever existent, has been lost in the interpretation. The dramatist is quoted as saying—"The only part of the play which is not realistic is the Meshulach, whom I have purposely portrayed in mystic terms. I introduced him on the advice of Stanislavsky, and in bringing him in I have emphasized the central idea of the drama." But that is just where emphasis seems to have become overemphasis. The central idea of the drama, which one assumes

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is the mystic element, has back-bone enough and more to stand out in wonderful beauty and compelling atmosphere without this uncouth figure, wandering about and getting nowhere. One wonders if he had not been better left wandering off-stage. Without him The Dybbuk would be artistically perfect. Is it heresy to hint that even Stanislavsky might once have been in error?

HELEN WALKER.

Oh! Oh! Nurse

ONE catchy tune, it is pretty well established, will make the fortune of a musical comedy. The score of Oh! Oh! Nurse leaves the impression that Carlo and Sanders, the lyricists, tried hard but didn't quite pull it off. But if there is no new Rosemarie which the audience leaves the Cosmopolitan whistling or humming, they have provided a colorful and amusing entertainment, a chorus that scores high for pulchritude and talent, and plenty of fun—clean, at that.

Most of the latter is provided by Leslie King, as a moribund bridegroom under contract to die on August first. Mr. King is a comedian who has his own "stuff." When he tests synthetic Scotch whiskey on a thumb nail ("if the nail stays on the stuff is all right") or hangs himself on a clothes peg to balk his pursuers, the audience reaches for its sides. It is true his drolleries have the advantage of being steeped in a strong mortuary flavor. For some psychological reason, jokes that have an undertaking parlor for their leitmotif seldom fail to be sure fire hits.

It seems unlikely that any chorus ever changed its dresses quite so often in the course of a single performance as the ladies who supply the choreographic element in Oh! Oh! Nurse. We counted to twelve and gave it up, conceding the record.

In Selecting Your Plays

A Man's Man—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.
Androcles and the Lion—Shaw at his best—and worst.
Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Dearest Enemy—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
In a Garden—Laurette Taylor struggles with a farrago of artificiality.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Fountain—Eugene O'Neil's romance of the great eternal youth.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
The School for Scandal—A rather dreary and monotonous revival of Sheridan's classic.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tip-toeing on Arlen débris.
Young Blood—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE LITURGICAL MOVEMENT

Hyattsville, Md.

TO the Editor:—I have been so much interested in the letter signed by Father William Busch on The Liturgical Movement, that I have been tempted to write asking for more on this subject from his pen or from other interested readers of The Commonweal.

As a layman with no pretentions to learning it seems to me that the core and essence of any liturgical movement must be the recognition of the essentially social nature of the liturgy and of course, above all, of the Mass.

For centuries the laity have been elbowed out of their part in the Mass. We see many causes of this at work at the present time, the hurry of modern life, the legacy of ignorance coming down from times of persecution, the vanity of choirs, and the indifference of pastors.

Quite recently the laity have been elbowed out of participation at Benediction. When I was a boy in a typical parish, the old familiar Benediction tunes were sung and many of the people sang with the choir. Now, choirs are permitted to sing the Tantum Ergo and the O Salutaris to airs obviously devised to exclude the congregation and glorify the soloist.

It is difficult or impossible to generalize for the whole country, dioceses differ greatly in liturgical matters in the United States. In some a Motu Proprio is taken for what it is—a command of the Holy Father; in others it is treated as a kind of archeological curiosity which no one would think of applying.

As for my own native city of Washington, I know of no parish where the laity are encouraged to join with the choir as they do, for instance, in the cathedral at Westminster. I know of perhaps two or three parishes where an effort is made to have hymns sung in English by the people. Two parishes in Washington that I know of have the full Mass sung during certain seasons of the year. The music during Mass at the others ranges from irrelevant hymns in the vernacular to something which the respectability of The Commonweal makes it impossible for me to attempt to describe. It is a common thing to see the Celebrant waiting, apparently helplessly, until he can continue with his Preface and I have lately heard a hymn theatrically rendered in English by a soloist during the very moments of the Consecration and Elevation. And yet we wonder that Protestants often seem to doubt our sincerity when we say that we believe in the Real Presence!

Here let me note what seems to me a pitfall in the path of the liturgical movement. It is too often treated as a highly technical musical question involving untold expense. Pastors who cannot command the services of a graduate of the Schola Cantorum or who have no ready made choir expert in plain song and Palestrina despair of making a start. The very last thing they would consider or think of, apparently, is appealing to their own people. Priests say to me—"The Americans are not a musical race, they won't sing." How well they sing may be a subject for debate, but any one who served in the A. E. F. knows that they do sing readily. After all, a large part of the worship of our non-Catholic neighbors is song. Especially have our Anglican fellow citizens retained a large measure of the real old Catholic tradition of song.

While no singing can be too technically perfect or too beautiful to accompany the Mass, yet the essential emphasis must remain on the singers in their liturgical function and not on the song as a piece of vocalization.

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As an example; two years ago in Peking I heard a large congregation composed almost entirely of Chinese, singing during Holy Week. To our western ears, it was strange and somewhat harsh, but when every man, woman and child in the packed cathedral joined, literally by thousands, in singing the Creed and the Gloria I felt like shouting and wished I had a sword to wave as did the Polish gentlemen in the days gone by! Those of sensitive ear might have said that it was not musical, but it would have been utterly impossible to deny that it was liturgical—liturgy such as we could do with more of in this country.

Is it not that our spiritual culture (as distinguished for a moment from our piety or our charity, or any other virtue) has not kept pace with our worldy success? Go to any late Sunday Mass in any large American city—what do you see? Lines of expensive motors outside, rich dresses and jewels and furs in the nave; marble and gold and lace and embroidery and silk at the Altar. In the choir loft a highly advertised group of musicians of mixed sex and according to rumor, often of mixed creed. Now look for a single person who is really following the Mass with the sacred "libretto," the missal. Many have rosaries and are saying them devoutly. Now the rosary is a most beautiful prayer, and has this connection with the Mass, that it is a meditation on the Passion, but the more devoutly one says one's Rosary at Mass the less is one able to join in the responses or follow the Mass. Many others are reading from small prayer books containing short prayers suited, roughly speaking, for a bright child of eight. How many of the congregation are doing what it would seem the obvious intention of the Church that they should do, if they can? How many are reading the Graduals, and the Communions and the Post-Communions of the day? In other words, how many are following the Mass? How many look at the calendar at the door on going in? Is the feast, unless it be a very great one, ever mentioned from the pulpit for the information of the people? Yet, these same congregations, almost totally ignorant liturgically speaking, are no doubt educated people in a worldly sense. They are familiar with secular literature and secular culture of many kinds. They can tell you all about the sources of the Merchant of Venice. How many can tell you about the structure of the Mass?

Again, who has heard a sermon on the history and the structure of the Mass? Even books on such subjects are exceedingly hard to obtain in this country.

What Catholic colleges lecture to their undergraduates upon the Mass of the catacombs, the Mass of the middle-ages, the vestments, their origin, their meaning, the Eucharistic services of the Uniate Eastern churches? The Catholic University of Washington, I understand, has no course or no lecture on the liturgy, and apparently there is no demand for this kind of learning on the part of students, or parents, or faculty.

The plain fact seems to me to be that our spiritual leaders, engrossed as they are with the all absorbing tasks of organization of schools and parishes, have no time to devote to what is considered the somewhat dilettante taste for "liturgy." When it crops out in the individual, especially in the layman, he is too apt to be received with a few preoccupied phrases, or even with an official frown.

Now for a suggestion—Can we not get a parish rector of good will, say, one in each city, who will act as the chaplain of the Calvert Associates of his city; say a Mass for us on Sunday where it is understood that all shall sing from cards left in the pews; distribute his choir among the congregation; arrange, through a committee, for conferences on the liturgy and on church history; possibly accumulate a small liturgical library, or at least a bibliography with references to local libraries; get in touch, again through a committee, with the Calvert Associates in other cities; arrange instruction in the simplest forms of congregational singing? Who will lead us in Washington?

Let me close with a quotation from the Motu Proprio of our late Holy Father, Pius X, on sacred music. Speaking of plain chant, he says—

"Especially should this chant be restored to the use of the people so that they may take a more active part in the services as they did in former times."

Let someone take the lead. He will be surprised at the result. Sursum Corda!

ELISHA FRANCIS RIGGS.

PULPITS AND POLITICS

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Referring to the editorial, Pulpits and Politics, in The Commonweal of December 2, there can be no question as to the soundness of the fundamental principle upon which it is based. There have, however, been occasions when—within our own communion—it has been "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

The opinion expressed as to the real animus of the attack upon Governor Smith is most likely correct; nevertheless, the tone of your argument with regard to enforcement of the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution appears to be one to which exception is justifiable. That amendment has all the binding force of any other article of the Constitution, and of any law, federal or state. It, therefore, should command the respect and obedience of every well-disposed citizen, and it should be enforced by every lawful means.

There has been handed down to us the most beneficent political institution yet devised for the betterment of free men. It is for us, in turn, to transmit it, not only unimpaired, but strengthened, to those who follow. If we are to do this, we must govern our action by its laws. We must draw, hard and fast, the line that divides liberty and license. Individual preference must yield to the collective judgment.

We may rightfully seek by legitimate means the abrogation of laws we believe unwise, but while they are in force, our obligation is unmistakable.

As the true believer does not elect which of the Ten Commandments he will obey, so the true citizen of the republic, in reverent spirit, obeys its every law. We may thoughtlessly commit occasional infractions, but he is a traitor who would flaunt defiance. We cannot pick and choose; there lies the road to chaos, to the annihilation of that civilization which is the fruit of man's laborious struggle upward and onward through uncounted centuries.

If it is my right to disregard one law, it is yours to ignore another, and that of our neighbor to violate such other as restricts, not merely his liberty, but his absolute license. Upon us, whose Faith inculcates obedience to legitimate authority, there rests a special responsibility, for our example may fan or check the rampant spirit of anarchy, of which the daily prints bear tragic witness.

There should be no possibility of any misinterpretation of Catholic attitude.

BERNARD J. ROTHWELL.

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RUSSIA'S CHURCH AND ROME

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Père Lev Gillet, commenting on the actual distribution of the Christian churches considered from the point of view of corporate union (La Revue Catholique des idées et des faits, Brussels, October 23, 1925) emphasizes a point of great importance with regard to the Orthodox church of Russia.

"I will touch here," says Père Gillet, "upon a point of which the importance is not sufficiently grasped generally, even in well informed circles, that is, the very special position of Russian orthodoxy in its relation to the Roman Church. . . . Russia, in its Christian origins was in communion with the Church of Rome.

"Later, under the influence of Byzantine prelates who took over the administration of Russian dioceses, and by reason also of the Tartar invasions which isolated Russia from the western world over a period of centuries, the Russian Church became stranger to the Roman Church. I use the word advisedly: became stranger. The English word "estrangement" expressing exactly the process by which step by step one person becomes a stranger to another whom he has known, seems to me most apt in describing the situation which developed in course of time in Russia with relation to Rome.

"There was never a rupture.

"While Rome and Constantinople exchanged anathemas, Rome never, by any official act cut off the Russian Church from Catholic communion, and never has the Russian Church, as a church, by any official act, declared itself separated from the Catholic Church. There is not an act, or a name, or a date, in Russian history whereat we may pause and say: here began the separation between Russia and Rome. On the contrary, the history of the relations of the Papacy with ancient Russia, the Russia antedating Peter the Great, suggests the impression that the Popes never looked upon Russia as, for instance, they did upon England under Elizabeth; they seemed to see in the Russian situation an abnormal and transient condition rather than an open rebellion.

"In all this history of the relations between Rome and Russia there are alternations so disconcerting between intercommunion and separation, so many puzzling cases like that of Saint Sergius of Radoniezh (of whom one wonders if he is a Saint of the Catholic Church or not) that the more one examines the facts, the more confusing are one's impressions.

"The doctrines of Russian theologians and bishops, decrees of czars or of the Holy Synod have never touched the responsibility of the Russian Church as a church.

"Should we conclude that Russia is separated from Rome de facto but not de jure? That there is certainly a material separation between the two, but not at all a formal, juridical, canonical separation?

"This question, full of practical consequences, is not answerable by the historian alone; the theologian and the canonist also enter into it to clarify the notion of formal separation. From this moment, however, the historian should insist hardily, that on the territory of historical facts, distinction must be made between Russia and Byzantium, and that an attentive study of these facts leads to very different views from those which have hitherto prevailed concerning the situation of Russia from the point of view of union, and I would add, to views more consoling."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ARCHBISHOP MANNIX ON IRELAND

Dorchester Centre, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of October 7, Dr. Walsh had an article in which the impression was conveyed that the people of Ireland are satisfied with the present régime. Employing the utmost restraint one cannot but regard Dr. Walsh as a Free State propagandist. In the public statements of His Grace, Archbishop Mannix, there is quite a different view of the situation.

In justice to the people of Ireland I trust you will publish this letter and the following remarks of that distinguished Irish prelate:

"I found that wherever I went in Ireland thousands, in many cases tens of thousands, of Irish men and women cheered to the echo the statement that Ireland would never be content until she was absolutely undivided and absolutely free.

"There are only two classes in Ireland satisfied with the midnight agreement—the Imperialists or Britishers and those who have got comfortable jobs under the Free State government.

"Business men who have been supporting the Free State by their money, votes, and influence told me in Ireland that the country was rushing to economic ruin.

"I have been told of factories that have closed down or are working half time or two or three days a week and of others that have been taken over by English firms."

In regard to the faith of the Irish Republicans, he declared that "their faith is as sound as that of the Vatican and they are as loyal as the Pope."

JOHN XAVIER REGAN.

DO ATHLETICS DOMINATE EDUCATION?

Clarkesville, Tex.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Laurence Washington, in a late number of America, is of the opinion that Catholic schools are trailing, to their disadvantage, after the public schools, in standards and methods. Possibly. What is clearer is that our colleges and universities are in a fair way to follow in the wake of secular ones with regard to athletics and extra-curricular activities.

It has become notorious that non-Catholic institutions of "higher education" have surrendered to the clamor of more or less commercialized athletics. This has got out of hand of the faculties and has become a grave abuse. Instead of resistance to this strong current toward materialism in college life, we find no emphatic voice among Catholic educators raised against it.

Rather, those views which are expressed are apologetic —more or less complaisant. The head of a prominent Catholic institution in the East has recently spoken in commendation of college (which means intercollegiate) athletics, and the president of a Catholic college west of the Mississippi, about the same time, declared for "the expediency, if not the propriety" of his school joining the intercollegiate athletic conference of the state.

Expediency, not principle, seems to be the ruling idea, in this regard, among our college heads. It looks as if competition has become so keen, the necessity of advertising so pressing that our Catholic educators are willing to wink at the present supremacy of college athletics over scholarship for the sake of sizeable registration lists.

GEORGE J. REID.

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BOOKS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THERE was a time in the dim dark ages when such a thing as a children's book was unknown and unheard of. The legends that were handed down by word of mouth were all that children had to content themselves with.

Nowadays, children have come into their own—the old folk-tales have survived in the various books of fairy tales, but in addition there are any number and variety of others for each child's individual taste. The series gotten out some years ago, by Andrew Lang, to my mind are the best compilations of fairy tales that have ever come into print (The Red, The Blue, The Green, etc., Fairy Books, New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50).

When I was a child, in order to get the meat out of the classic authors, one had to pore through large tomes, fine of print, and often without illustration. It was indeed a lover of books who could wade through the intricacies of Dickens to find the delight contained, for instance, in David Copperfield. Macmillan has put out an edition not only for the child, but for the parent who wishes his children to love the best in literature. David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens, (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00) is excellently edited and illustrated by quaint black and white drawings which add materially to its charm.

Macmillan has gotten out as well, a series of children's classics. Among others, Stevenson's Kidnapped is a volume for the boy or girl who loves romance, the sea, Scotch moors, and hand-to-hand fights. The Prince and the Page, by Charlotte M. Yonge, is a romance of quite another order. It harks back to the days of the crusaders when men fought in battle for the sake of their faith. It is well worth reading, for it keeps fairly accurately to historical fact while weaving a web of fiction. Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, is another volume of this same series, which will please any child. I remember well the musty old volume I had to read through, quite devoid of illustrations, and in printing that comes to my mind as a sorry contrast to the well-arranged present edition. For younger children, is Miss Molesworth's The Cuckoo Clock and the Tapestry Room; this book contains two fairy tales with real children as the principal characters, which will probably make them seem more plausible to children of matter-of-fact minds who find little pleasure in the real fairy tale. All of the above are from The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

The Flying Carpet, by various authors (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50) is a compilation of stories and verses by well known English authors—Alfred Noyes, G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Barrie and Hilaire Belloc, to mention a few of them. It is filled with delightful illustrations, and needs no stronger recommendation than the roster of its contributors. For children who know how to take care of books, and love beautiful illustrations, any of the series of illustrated classics which Scribner's has been getting out in late years is worth recommending. Among these are Peter Pan, by J. M. Barrie, illustrated by Arthur Rackham; The Arabian Nights, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame, illustrated by Nancy Barnhart—all of them a delight to the eye as well as to the intellect.

The new book by Hugh Lofting, Doctor Dolittle's Zoo (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50) is another of that author's amusing series of the life and adventures of that eccentric scientist and philosopher, Dr. Dolittle. Its fantastic whimsicalities are intriguing to older people and children alike, and the new volume is quite up to the standard of the first of that now popular collection.

Louis Untermyer has collected a pleasant feast of Swiss tales in The Fat of the Cat, by Gottfried Keller (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). They are, perhaps, a bit sophisticated for childish minds, but they are nevertheless charming to read and cleverly illustrated.

The Sly Giraffe, by Lee Wilson Dodd (New York: E. P. Dutton Company. $2.00) will amuse little children greatly—the italics and capital letters will aid the victim who has been impressed into reading them aloud. This is the tale of a little girl's adventures in Patagonia, with all sorts of strange, and so far, I believe, unknown animals.

The story of Martha Jane, by Inez Specking (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50) is the boarding school adventures of a heroine of that name. Father Finn's Sunshine and Freckles (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50) I must confess, I read with as much pleasure as if I had been nine. It is full of exciting adventures of a disrupted family, miraculously reunited, and is notable in particular for its breadth of view.

The Odyssey, retold by A. J. Church (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75) is another example of the benefits of the "children's age." Children now seem able to get their pleasure without pain, and this volume gives all the interesting details of the old legends without the disadvantage of having to wade through an inferior translation in blank verse.

Rain on the Roof, by Cornelia Meigs (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75) is the story of the adventures of a little boy in a strange town. On an errand of mercy, he wanders into a house where he meets with a man who loves equally to make ship models, and weave tales for children. It should be a good antidote for a rainy afternoon.

For mothers who are at a loss to know what books to select for their children, an excellent volume is The Three Owls, by Anne Carroll Moore (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50). It is a very able selection of reviews from the children's page of the New York Herald-Tribune, with suggestions of suitable books for almost every occasion.

The Tragedy of Waste, by Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a difficult book to review adequately. While its main conclusions are easily summarized, the premises, consisting as they do, of an enormous mass of statistical and other facts, cannot be set forth fairly or intelligently in any summary statement.

The essential challenge of the theme is enunciated in two antithetical propositions; first, the energy resources, natural and artificial, of the United States are equivalent to the labor of 3,000,000,000 hard-working slaves, or thirty servants for each man, woman and child; second, between one-third and one-half of the people of the country do not receive the equivalent of a comfortable livelihood, nor would that degree of welfare be available for all if total national income were equally distributed. According to the author, the explanation of this discrepancy between production capacity and popular welfare is to be found in waste. If his diagnosis is correct, he does not exaggerate when he calls this phenomena a "tragedy."

He sees four main channels of waste: the production of

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non-essentials, idleness, bad technical methods, and the misuse of natural resources. Eleven of the thirteen chapters of the book are taken up with a comprehensive discussion of these four channels, wastes being classified under the four main heads of consumption, production, distribution, and natural resources. The total waste under the first three heads is estimated as the equivalent of the labor power of 20,500,000 able-bodied adults, or approximately one-half of that element of the population. Hence, the elimination of this volume of waste would enable the production output to be doubled.

What are the facts which, in the mind of Mr. Chase, justify this startling estimate, this challenge to our boasted industrial efficiency? In conjunction with the Labor Bureau, Inc., he has compiled an enormous mass of information, of which it is impossible to give more than a few samples in this review. Adopting the term invented by Ruskin, the author calls the wastes in consumption "illth." Some of the kinds of illth which he describes are: the ignorance of the consumer; war and the military establishment; drugs and patent medicines; adulteration; quackery; speculation and gambling; super-luxuries; fashions; the over-head trades and professions; and advertising. He would cut in half the Treasury Department's estimate of the expenditure for luxuries in the year 1919, which was $22,700,000,000. Nevertheless, he puts the total minimum wasted man-power in the field of consumption at 8,000,000, or 40 percent of the total wastes of the industrial system.

The wastes of advertising are responsible for one of the best and shortest chapters in the volume. More than half the printed matter that appears in the United States is advertising. The wood pulp consumed by a single New York newspaper represents an annual tribute of 2,000 acres of forest land. Advertising creates no new wealth. It merely transfers purchasing power from A to B. "It makes people stop buying Mogg's soap and start buying Bogg's soap." Nine-tenths of it is not genuinely informative; that is, conveys no useful knowledge to the consumer. It merely urges him to buy from one dealer rather than from another, or at most, to buy a substitute which is not really different. Analyzing some two hundred and forty-four advertisements, Mr. Chase found that about two-thirds of them "capitalize human frailties," such as vanity, shame, sex curiosity, etc., or were palpably false, or exploited harmful products. Even from the viewpoint of the advertiser, the greater part of the advertising is inefficient; and the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry declared that the trades having the most persistent advertisers "carry higher percentages of operating costs than other lines."

Under the head of production, the two chief wastes are the use of poor plants, and the failure to coördinate output with the requirements of the population. Of course, he cites the investigation made by Mr. Hoover's Committee of the Federated American Engineering Societies, which disclosed a ratio of waste in production of from 30 to 50 percent in six typical industries. He estimates the excess plant capacity of the country's industries as the equivalent of 2,000,000 able-bodied workers. Restriction of output by capital, as well as by labor, is only one manifestation of this excess. The total man-power wasted in production methods is placed at 4,000,000.

A great part of the wastes in distribution occur in the so-called "overhead trades." "Salesmanship sucks up into overhead costs a greater and greater man-power." In 1850, selling and distribution effort was to production effort as 20 is to 80; in 1920, the ratio was about 50 to 50. Of the $22,500,000,000 which consumers paid for farm products in 1922, the farmers received only one-third, while more than one-third went to the wholesale and retail stores. There are also enormous wastes in the home. According to Mr. Chase, the total man-power wasted in distribution methods is at least 2,500,000.

The wastes in natural resources are extremely difficult to describe in general terms. They fall under the main heads of inorganic resources—coal, water power, oil, natural gas, lumber, and by-products. The losses of an average ton of soft coal burned in a steam boiler aggregate 96 percent. In the summary of wastes of natural resources, the three largest items are 750,000,000 tons per year of coal; 600,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas; and 50,000,000 horse power of water energy.

What remedies does Mr. Chase offer for the industrial ills that he has so painstakingly described? His answer is—"We know no sure way out." But he thinks that the abatement of waste "lies with the man of science—the social scientist, the engineer." While he visualizes an industrial general staff having supreme control over consumption, production and distribution, he does not commit himself to such an institution. Its possibilities may be inferred from the fact that our more or less unified war control of industries was able to produce with 30,000,000 workers as much, if not more, by way of food, shelter, clothing and comforts than 40,000,000 had been producing before the war.

Nevertheless, Americans do not want either consumption, or production or distribution to be regulated by an industrial general staff. Therefore, the remedy for waste must be sought in a variety of fields and programs. Business men can, themselves, eliminate a great deal of the waste through scientific management, standardization, and other methods which are already in use in the best establishments. Coöperative societies in agriculture and distribution could eliminate another large part. The vast waste arising out of excess plant capacity, in other words, superfluous capital and investment, could be greatly lessened through higher wages, which would automatically increase consuming power. The waste in natural resources might be greatly reduced through government ownership and operation of the coal mines, and the sources and instrumentalities of electric power.

Even if Mr. Chase has exaggerated by 100 percent the amount of waste in our economic system, he has produced an extremely useful book. It constitutes a challenge to our complacent "efficiency" which will not be easily answered. It shows that the material basis of reasonable living for all the inhabitants of the United States is even now available. What we lack is neither natural resources nor industrial equipment, but rational management and operation.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Mrs. Dalloway, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

TO those who have followed sympathetically Virginia Woolf's bold excursions into a new and intricate technique, her latest volume, Mrs. Dalloway, offers the satisfaction of a prophecy fulfilled. From her first published pages onward, there has been no question as to her possession of a rare and limpid style, her easy mastery of the plastic phrase and the fitting word. And despite the mental tax imposed by incidental obscurities of such experiments as Monday or Tuesday, there has never been any real difficulty in understanding what was, in the larger sense, her ultimate goal.

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Undeniably, in her own chosen way, Mrs. Woolf has achieved results that eluded the older established technique. But sometimes her trails have led into realms so rarified that the mental breathing was difficult. To the exceptional few, who take their fiction as a new problem in chess or an excursion into higher mathematics, those earlier experiments were a sheer intellectual delight. But for the more normal reader, who demands primarily relaxation and entertainment, the cerebral gymnastics required to follow her rapid flittings of thought often built up a barrier more forbidding than those she had set herself to break down. Even when we turn to so recent a volume as Jacob's Room, that brilliant, tragic document of youthful promise running its brief, meteoric course and then suddenly snuffed out, leaving only a void and an evanescent memory, the question that forces itself to the front is whether, after all, the same facts of life, cast in the old, conventional form, even at sacrifice of those magic half-tones of truth so peculiarly her own, would not have left a clearer, more deeply etched picture on the average human mind.

The fault, of course, was not with Virginia Woolf's method, but with her incomplete mastery of it. Like an experimental chemist, she was more interested in the formulae of her reactions than in the value of the life-compounds she was evolving. But now, quite suddenly, we have Mrs. Dalloway, the almost perfect flowering of this new culture: a story as limpid as sunlit, running water, mercurial in its swift, elusive interplay of thought and action, amazing in its unabashed nudity of human motives, fears and hopes. It is primarily a verbal portrait, done in a pigment of simple, familiar words and phrases, monosyllabic, almost trite—the kind of words and phrases that most of us use in our unspoken thoughts—and yet the cumulative effect of magic line and color is a Pygmalion-like incarnation of an artist's dream: a woman in the full ripeness of Indian summer, a blend of perfect poise and grace and charm, with a mind and a manner as mobile as quicksilver.

Virginia Woolf's conception of the time element is something so different in fiction as to be revolutionary. In all her stories, time is a universal, circumambient medium, a buoyant, all-pervading ether, through which she cleaves her swift, swallow-like flight in sweeping loops and spirals, darting suddenly away to the remotest confines of childhood memories, and again dizzily soaring to the zenith of tomorrow's dreams. She is fond of picturing her people as poised "on a point of time," suspended in infinity on a certain magic hour of, let us say, a June morning in London—just as one might stand poised on a curb-stone, preparing to cross over—yet ready to sweep backward through a score of years at a whiff of hot asphalt or a glimpse of spring-time violets. It is this constant interplay of yesterday, today and tomorrow, this determination to see men and women not merely as what they are now, but as the sum total of all that they ever have been and all that they may hope to be—as a composite picture of all their life experiences and successive contacts—that makes her characters stand out in such sharp perspective, so vibrant with the keen awareness of life.

With the same nonchalance with which she brushes aside the years and months, she strips the veil from the privacy of human thought. In a whole roomful of people, she will make you hear, above the stir and drone of the crowd, the ripple of perfunctory greetings and undercurrent of spicy gossip; above and behind all this, yet blending with it, a scattering of serious converse, broken, enigmatic phrases, heavy with half-guessed meaning; and most significant, most enlightening of all, the secret, unspoken thoughts behind these utterances—the deceits, the disillusions, the springing, buoyant hopes, that taken altogether blend in one vast symphony of human emotions.

Such, in a broad, general sense, is the chosen background of Mrs. Dalloway: a complex orchestration of London's most highly sophisticated social world, done with a harmony of verbal rhythm and subtle color-tones that are nothing less than hypnotic in their power to translate the reader through space and time and enroll him too as part and parcel of this setting. As for the specific story of Clarissa Dalloway herself, it is nothing less than a little miracle of constructive foreshortening, a verbal legerdemain by which the life histories of a half score men and women are caught and mirrored in their completeness on this swift-flowing printed film of one passing day.

Mrs. Dalloway herself, when we first meet her crossing Victoria Street on this particular perfect June morning, with Big Ben musically booming forth the hour, is on her way to buy the flowers for the party she will give this evening—one of her famous, distinctive parties, where titles, decorations, and a few cabinet ministers will meet and mingle. But she is not thinking of her party, nor of her husband and his parliamentary duties and aspirations—all part of the intricate web and woof of her daily social fabric—but rather of Peter Walsh—still her Dear Peter, after half a life-time of absence—who is at last on his way back from India and may arrive any hour. A thousand things conspire to send her thoughts hurtling back, deliciously, bewilderingly, to those vanished years, when the most precious thing in life was Peter's approbation; when they were forever quarreling, because of Peter's scorn of social artificiality. She remembered especially how impossible it had seemed to make up her mind not to marry him. Yet in the end she had married Richard Dalloway instead. This was all a quarter century ago, and Peter, her Dear Peter, had gone to India and had married some colorless girl whom he met on the voyage out, and never in all the years since had done any of the big things he and she had dreamed of doing together in those remote, glad, quarrelsome days. And now Peter is on his way home.

Such is the simple, quietly poignant drama of Peter Walsh's return, constituting the dominant thread of this intricate and varied weaving. To touch even lightly upon the many other threads involved, upon Sally Seton, Clarisca's closest girlhood friend, who used to do shocking things and whose voice was a caress; upon Clarissa's husband, Richard, "a sportsman, who cared only for dogs" and who smelled of the stable; of her lovely daughter, Elizabeth, "a lily by the side of a pool," or even upon Septimus Warren Smith, the shell-shocked soldier, who plays his inconsiderable part, until his warped imaginings lead to self-destruction, would be futile in a brief review, for they would give not even an approximate suggestion of the infinitely complex human relations that Mrs. Woolf has caught and imprisoned in her iridescent, gossamer web. But what can be passed on indirectly is the rare vividness of the book's local color.

To those who have the cosmopolitan instinct there is a nostalgic ache lurking in these pages. She has caught the very soul and essence of London, the inimitable glint and sound and scent of its streets, of Piccadilly and Buckingham Palace, of Hyde Park and Bond Street—of Bond Street, perhaps, above all else—"Heaven only knows why one loves it so!" Because of Clarissa Dalloway herself, it is one of those volumes that refuse to be forgotten.

FREDERICK TABER COOPER.

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Sermons of a Chemist, by Edwin E. Slosson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THIS volume by a well-known scientist and, as he states in the preface, "an elder or deacon in Presbyterian and Congregational churches for the last thirty years," is a collection of lay sermons delivered in college chapels or before Protestant congregations. Their aim is the well-meant one of harmonizing religion and science, but they illustrate the typical confusion of mind and desperate shifts and turnings—not to say squirmings—of the liberal Protestant of the present day.

With no definite philosophy or theology to fall back upon, he is left with only the vaguest conceptions of the universe in which he lives. Thus, on one page, Dr. Slosson assures us that the world is the creation of God and that faith in natural law is faith in God, while on another he quotes approvingly Blake's statement that "nature is the work of the devil;" and on yet another insists that natural laws are only "fabrications of the mind."

Turn by turn he clings to evolution and to philosophical idealism, but derives his chief consolation from the fact that scientists are not interested in truth but only in how hypotheses work, although elsewhere in the volume, when he happens to be a pragmatist he would have us believe that the way in which things work is the only test of truth. He dislikes logic, praises inconsistency, and bases on the divergence of human theologies a startlingly new argument for the existence of God—"their diversity . . . is a proof of the reality they depict;" an argument which despite its adaptability to the needs of the innumerable Protestant sects will hardly displace the traditional scholastic arguments in the eyes of the philosopher.

The author shows a similar helplessness before the nature of religion—which for him is evidently nothing more than morality. He is utterly blind to the intimate connection between religion and art. Paper never refuses ink but one hardly expected ever to have the privilege of reading such incredibly wrong-headed statements as these—"Artists are naturally materialistic . . . their ears are deaf to the music of the spheres and they hear only air vibrations of a frequency between 16,000 and 40,000 per second . . . the desire for a pictorial representation of an abstract idea or a spiritual concept is due to lack of imagination."

The dead hand of seventeenth-century Puritanism still rests heavily upon this "elder or deacon in Presbyterian and Congregational churches for the last thirty years." He has no suspicion that the rapture of the mystic, the lilt of the poet, the natural piety of the painter have a common source in man's emotions of awe, reverence, love and joy in the gift of life and the meaning of life. Religion, for him, is a prosaic matter of mutual adaptation between human beings in the street or the market-place.

After this, we are prepared to find him constantly using "mediaeval" as a disparaging term and denying the glories of the renaissance. The doors of history necessarily remain shut before such an attitude. The only value that he can see in the study of history, as he explicitly states, is that we may learn to modify our conduct by it. That the study may have a cultural and imaginative value for the spirit, he utterly ignores.

Yet there are lessons suggested by these sermons, though not the ones the author intended: the lesson of the vital need for culture in modern life and the lesson that this need is not likely to be supplied by scientists.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Summer, by Romain Rolland. Translated from the French, by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IT is not easy to find comment for any one fragment of a narrative which suffers from the piecemeal composition adopted by M. Rolland. Memory represents the distinguished author's foreword to Annette and Sylvie (volume one of The Soul Enchanted) as having been to the effect that he let himself be possessed by the soul of his heroine, Annette Riviere, and them merely set down what he felt, from moment to moment, must be that soul's inevitable experiences.

The disadvantage of this form of inspired improvization, if so it may be called, is that it provides none of the structural aids for the capturing of a unified impression. These aids are admittedly artificial, a balanced story, in the external sense, being a thing rarely found in nature. But there is, after all, nothing so very preposterous in recommending artifice to a professional artificer. Men turn from life to literature expecting, among other things, some interpretative ordering and enhancement of fact. If writers are content merely to render the inconsequent and everlasting flow of fact, neither crystalized about some conviction nor penned within the non-natural confines of some definite and rememberable story, there will be less and less reason for turning to literature, as time goes on.

A kind of unity is imposed, of course, by M. Rolland's absorption in his chief character. He has drawn in Annette a woman of large outlines and appealing nobility of character. Devoid of anything resembling religious belief, and yet conscious of profound inner needs (M. Rolland depicts the dilemma with the acuteness which, surprisingly, is often granted to his quasi-religious intuitions) Annette sets about the working out of her own salvation on a natural but genuinely lofty plane. She suffers socially upon the birth of her child, whose father she had refused to marry; financial disaster follows; her sister Sylvie, for whom she has done so much, is, for a long period, estranged from her. Besides these outer tribulations, she finds that she must reckon with an ancestral trait, a strain of deep sensuality which, for the whole period of her young womanhood, threatens her integrity and peace. Summer shows Annette striving against both outer and inner forces to remake her life. She works hard, and in obscurity, for herself and her child; she rejects, against the impulses of worldly prudence and her own tenderness, the two suitors whose characters fall below her instinctive demands; she achieves, with anguish, a final separation from the man whom she passionately loves, because his sensual domination of her soul is intolerable to her; and she finds peace at last, on the eve of the world war, in the birth within her of a new soul.

MARY KOLARS.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Vistas in Sicily, by Arthur Stanley Riggs. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

SICILY, the keystone to all that is typically lovely and interesting in Italy, shines forth radiant and joyous in the excellent Vistas of Sicily, by Arthur Stanley Riggs. Older and more vivid in its life and communities, gracious and amiable in its native character, and filled with a beauty transcending that of other lands, the old island of Panorma has been the resort of generations of visitors from the north, seeking its ruins, that are still more than ruins in their exquisite settings, the lofty shrines of Girgenti and Siracusa, the idyllic cliffs of Taormina and the Sicilian Byzantine chef-d'oevres of Palermo. This land, the contested prize of a hundred invasions, the dream of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the shifting jewel in the crown of Normans, Spaniards, French and Italians, shines forth from Mr. Arthur Stanley Riggs's volume with a clearness and charm that will invite the newcomer with most ardent hopes and nourish the dreams and memories of those who have known Sicily in the past.

Muirhead's Southern Italy, by L. B. Bertarelli. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE Blue Guide for Southern Italy, including Rome, Sicily and Sardinia, will be a useful addition to the library of this year's tourists anxious to provide themselves with a handy authoritative guidebook, entirely up to date in the matter of railroads, hotels and restaurants. Muirhead's Southern Italy shows signs of indebtedness to the famous Baedeckers on Italy: the general arrangement of the volume, its small and large print and maps are of a similar format and proportion to those that have been found most adaptable to travelers' needs in the past. The introduction of Rome in the guidebook for Southern Italy will meet the approval of most purchasers of a guide for their southern tour.

Points of Church Law, Mysticism and Morality, by T. Slater, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

THIS little book, a compendium of the new Code of Canon Law, by the English author of A Manual of Moral Theology, will immediately appeal to general readers who desire a convenient guide to some of the questions that seem to fall so readily into confusion even in minds usually well-informed. The chapters on Fasting and Abstinence, Property Rights of Parish Priests, the conduct of Catholics toward non-Catholic functions, are supplemented by a simple and excellent discussion of Mysticism False and True, which will be of very timely service in these days when the transcendental is so in fashion.

Ireland Beautiful, by Wallace Nutting. Framingham, Massachusetts: Old America Company. $4.00.

IRELAND is always beautiful: to its children through traditions and early memories: to the traveler in its contrasts with other lands. This enthusiasm of the historian and poet is well attested in Mr. Wallace Nutting's fine volume, proving the Irish natural claims in a profuse series of illustrations covering all the counties of the Emerald Isle, and revealing many scenes of unusual beauty. This book will be welcome to all lovers of the land of Erin.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Miss Anonymoncule hurried in to face a great pile of Christmas cards in blue and black and yellow—Russian, Czecho-Slovak, Spanish and French: Tittivillus's eyes were fixed covetously on the stamps as she carelessly abandoned the envelopes to the waste-basket. There was a charmingly illuminated post-card painted in the mediaeval monastic manner that caused an appreciative "Oh!" among those gathered around her. "I love these personal things," she said.

"It is so much better than Smithers and wife's engraving of their summer lodge in the Adirondacks, or the photograph of the Browne's eldest and only son that wishes me a Merry Christmas," said Doctor Angelicus.

"I prefer those old black and white woodcuts," said Primus Criticus. "One must try to be quaint to face these upholstery artists seriously in our tortoise-shell eye-glasses."

"Do you remember those dear old cards with the pink and yellow silk fringes that we once thought proper for tender messages," sighed Angelicus, "and the Christmas scenes with real frosting of mica that caused such high mortality among infants who could not be prevented from licking them off, that I believe they were suppressed by law at about the same time as the rock-and-rye candies?"

"Have you heard of the new fashion in France, Doctor," asked Hereticus, earnestly. "It seems that so many of the French writers and artists have been losing their hair—"

"In spite of their lovely tonics, Doctor?" interrupted Miss Brynmarian.

"That, as I was saying," the Doctor went on oblivious to her remark—"they have been forced to send regrets, in the same vein as Bismarck's, to all who asked for locks, tresses and curls, parings of fingernails, etc., and have grown very sensitive to such appeals. Today I see in the cable despatches that they have taken to a new form of personal souvenir. Listen to this cable from Paris describing a new book—

'In the centre of the front cover there is, delicately traced, a butterfly with its wings extended, ready for flight, each wing measuring about an inch in spread. The butterfly is of different material from the leather which surrounds it. According to a typewritten explanatory sheet, it is made of a piece of the author's own skin. The author, however, unfortunately preferred to remain anonymous.'"

"So as to preserve the rest of his skin, perhaps," suggested

(*continued on page 224*)

One Macmillan Book a Week

An interesting study of Immigration and Catholic Growth in the United States, 1790 to 1920. A most timely book, as it appears just as the government is making its preparation for the gathering of religious statistics in 1926.

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Marist Seminary, Washington, D. C. Formerly Professor of Theology in Marist College, and Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans.

This book dissipates many of the myths and legends which have grown up in Catholic historical circles pertaining to how well the immigrational growth of the Church in the past century has kept pace with the steady stream of newcomers. Various other problems are discussed at length, including special attention to the problem of "leakage." **Price $2.50**

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Hereticus. "This fashion will be a positive menace to some of us poets," added Angelicus, shrinking up in his chair.

"How the delicate pre-Raphaelite poetesses of our club will stand it, I can hardly fancy," exclaimed Miss Anonymoncule.

"Writers like Theodore Dreiser, or Hergesheimer won't mind it, I suppose: and Irvin S. Cobb or Heywood Broun will be glad to part with epidermis in the cause of publicity and personal evaluations. I really fear that some of our psycho-analysts can hardly produce enough cuticle to satisfy their admirers," replied Angelicus, with a complacent grin.

"Our book-shops will have to establish cold storage rooms like the furriers, if this fashion comes into effect before the warm weather sets in," solemnly declared Primus Criticus. "Besides how am I to know that these books are bound up, as purported in the invoices: shall I be able by the mere touch to distinguish the real suedes and baby and doe-skins of the Zane Gray authors, from the thickness and durability, the saddle-leather porousness of certain of our Greenwich Village and radical self-laureates? Will our younger poets show that 'skin I love to touch' or will it be necessary for us to be provided with acts sworn before a notary?"

"Or photographs of the body, showing from where the patches have been grafted," said Angelicus, with inquisitorial warmth. "We must be true to our pretentions and not substitute imitation leather for real author's skin. Authorship will then be a responsibility and with the modern lotions and applications, of which I read the placards on my subway journeys, we should have no difficulty in binding up at least thirty volumes a year, aided, of course, by the Pompeian and Cutex lotions, creams and washes that are so invigorating and reconstituent."

"A gathering of our authors will certainly present a peculiar picture," sighed Primus Criticus. "It will be more like a reconcentrado camp, or leper settlement or an escaped mission from Armenia or Mexico than the halls and groves of Academe and the Parthenon!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Angelicus was now in a clairvoyant state—"I can see the dimpled poetess of Yonkers showing her left elbow with the nonchalant remark—'After my volume of Love Litanies from the Gnostic;' and a red patch on the bald spot of the poet of the Bronx, the mark of his limited edition of Tiger Songs from the Chinese; the reduced double-chin of the author of 'Babies and How to Feed Them,' and the yellowing scars of the James Joyce, Cabell, and Anderson realists and fantastics."

Hereticus took up the train of thought—"One must be careful not to touch an author: if he jumps when you collide with him and you excuse yourself for not knowing he had been vaccinated, it will only give him another reason to tell you of his new book in its seven thousandth edition, and if you ask—'in real calf?' you may expect to hear from him, his wife, his daughter or his secretary and amanuensis when you get out that new epic, or even when they produce your autobiography to defray the expense of your mausoleum."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Miss Anonymoncule tried to calm the meeting by remarking —"I have always heard that authors were a thin-skinned race, so I suppose the next development will be in the direction of sheepskin or Russian leather."

"I always prefer my books bound in cloth or canvas," said Doctor Angelicus, as he faded away again into his correspondence.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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